It Seems to Heywood Broun

The Nation

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VETO THE TARIFF!

The Industrial States

reply to

The Nation's Tariff Poll

Lift Up Thine Eyes

by

Sherwood Anderson

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Elective Monarchy in America	Hoffman Nickerson	129
Wisconsin Note Book	Zona Gale	138
The Banks Go Chain-Store	Virgil Willit	144
Editorials		153
The Story of the *Seven Arts*	James Oppenheim	156
Seen and Heard in Mexico	Harvey Fergusson	165
Americana		172
The Man Who Saved Chicago	Leslie Llewellyn Lewis	178
From the Oklahoma Saga	George Milburn	185
On Living in Cities	Warren S. Thompson	192
The Arts and Sciences:		
Social Science Becomes Exact	J. J. Spengler	202
Sometimes There's a Trick	Chester T. Crowell	205
Birmingham	Clement Wood	208
I Was Workin' on the Railroad	Eric Sonnichsen	218
Boy For Tea	Ward Greene	223
Passaic: The Passing of an Idyl	Arthur Hanko	228
No Motive	Lowry Charles Wimberly	236
Fantasia Impromptu	Benjamin DeCasseres	242
Music:		
Little Concert-Halls	Atwood C. Bellamy	244
The Library	H. L. Mencken	251
The American Mercury Authors		256
Check List of New Books		iv
Editorial Notes		xviii

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The Nation

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 611
EDITORIALS:
Business and the Law 614
The Briand Plan 615
The Hucksters' Treaty 615
Fridtjof Nansen 616
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 617
VETO THE TARIFF! 618
"MY DEAR SENATOR" IV. By Oswald Garrison Villard 619
LIFT UP THINE EYES. By Sherwood Anderson 620
SAFETY LAST: III. WHY THE SAFETY MOVEMENT FAILS. By Louis Resnick 622
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 624
CORRESPONDENCE 625
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 626
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:
The Kneeling Nun. By Eda Lou Walton 627
Artists in Exile. By Henry Hazlitt 627
The Gandhist Creed. By S. K. Ratcliffe 628
Non-Euclidean Criticism. By Clifton P. Fadiman 629
Trotzky's Side of It. By Jerome Davis 629
Stendhal. By C. Hartley Grattan 630
The Death of Harding. By Oswald Garrison Villard 630
The Nation's Trees. By Robert Marshall 631
Films: American Natives and Nature. By Alexander Bakshy 632
Drama: Ibsen's Prentice Hand. By Joseph Wood Krutch 633
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Joker in the Naval Treaty. By David W. Wainhouse 634

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DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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ONLY by the aid of the Vice-President was it possible to break the deadlock between House and Senate over the debenture and flexible-tariff provisions of the tariff bill. By 43 to 41 the Senate released its conferees from adherence to the debenture plan—and thereby assured the passage of the measure. It will now go to the President without the provision to which he especially objected and he is confronted with the severest test of his courage and statesmanship. If he approves the bill, and the business world is certain that he will in order to end the much-talked-of uncertainty, he will put his name to the most scandalous tariff measure ever passed, will strike a grave blow at our export trade just when it is shrinking alarmingly—it fell off 291 millions or 20.4 per cent in the first quarter of this year—and will add to the cost of living of every American. If he vetoes the measure the tariff barons will rage, but as the figures of our poll indicate in this week's *Nation*, a majority of the newspapers of the country will sustain him and, we believe, the bulk of the people. Meanwhile, the deadly injury the proposed tariff is doing to our international standing is clear. With amazing and unprecedented frankness the Swiss Minister and the Spanish Ambassador in Washington have spoken out publicly against it with a resultant demand in the Senate that the former be sent home. A reliable cablegram to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom from Switzerland speaks of the "unprecedented reaction, widespread indignation meetings" and declares the proposed tariff "will cause great suffering." So it will in many other countries.

THOROUGHLY TEMPERATE and highly courageous was the speech made by Dwight W. Morrow in opening his campaign for nomination by the Republican Party as United States Senator from New Jersey. Avoiding the extreme of either wet or dry, Mr. Morrow nevertheless recognized boldly and clearly that the question of prohibition is a vital question before the American people today. Nor did he base his argument on an appeal to the "rights" of personal liberties. In any democracy such rights are always thoroughly relative. There must and should be, said Mr. Morrow, some government control of liquor. The question is whether or not the present system of control by the federal government is practical or desirable. "Is it well," he asks, "that large portions of our people should conceive of the federal government as an alien and even a hostile power? Is it well to have as a result a lawless, unregulated liquor traffic, attended by a shocking corruption?" This is not overstatement. The remedy advocated by Mr. Morrow is repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and substitution of a new amendment permitting the several States to impose within the State such control of the liquor traffic—always refusing the return of the saloon—as their voters desire. We do not call this an ideal solution; but it is one solution. And to suggest it is one of the most impressive bits of honest politics that we have seen in a long time.

THE FEDERAL POWER COMMISSION will be completely reorganized if the House of Representatives takes favorable action on the Couzens bill. The commission has highly important duties; for it makes the leases of all power sites controlled by the federal government, and its valuation work controls the conditions of recapture of such sites by the government fifty years hence. Testimony before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce disclosed that the three Cabinet officers (the Secretaries of War, Agriculture, and the Interior) who ex officio constitute the commission have given to its work an average of five hours a year, so that its actual business has been done largely by the executive secretary. Secretary Hyde testified before the House committee that "there has been a grand and glorious fuss on the commission ever since I've known anything about it," and declared it "highly necessary" to set up an independent commission. The Couzens bill was reported by unanimous recommendation of the Interstate Commerce Committee, according to its chairman, and was passed by the Senate without a roll call. It ought to be promptly passed by the House.

MR. W. G. CAMPBELL, chief of the federal Food and Drug Administration, responding to public criticism and notably to an article by Senator Wheeler in the

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current issue of *Plain Talk,* under date of May 13 addressed to Senator McNary a request for an investigation by the Senate Committee on Agriculture of charges of lax administration of the Food and Drugs Act. Mr. Campbell truly says: "If the responsible administration officials are lax or incompetent they should at least be removed. If they are discharging their duty in a conscientious, efficient manner they should be vindicated." He might well have added that if the law is defective it should be strengthened. We trust that Senator McNary's committee will go thoroughly into all the important questions raised in this inquiry, in order that the public may have actual knowledge of the situation concerning not only ergot but also digitalis, ether, and any other drugs about whose purity and potency any serious question is responsibly raised.

TO SENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER of New York we offer our congratulations upon the record he has been making in the United States Senate. Mr. Wagner's contribution to the debate on the Parker nomination was one of the genuine high lights in that discussion. It was scholarly, well informed, and liberal and it carried the more weight because Mr. Wagner had been for years a jurist in excellent standing whose opposition to Judge Parker could neither be whistled down nor laid to an irresponsible desire to injure the Supreme Court. More valuable still has been the Senator's fight for the unemployed. Others, especially the President, who made such great promises at one time, were content to sit still. Senator Wagner single-handed accomplished his aim of getting three bills through the Senate. They do not get us very far; they could not, of course, have been radical. But at least they recognize that the evil does exist, and if they are passed by the House they should give us adequate employment statistics and a national employment-bureau system with an annual appropriation of $4,000,000. The Senator's third bill calls for a long-range federal building-construction program. We look to Senator Wagner for greater liberalism in the years to come—even, we hope, in the matter of the tariff, where his record has by no means commended itself to those who would praise him.

EVIDENCE to show that Mr. Whalen's famous red documents were manufactured in a small printshop on East Tenth Street, New York City, was offered to the House of Representatives on May 12 by Representative La Guardia. Mr. Whalen, testifying a few days previously before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, had refused to divulge the source of his documents on the ground that to do so might interfere with an investigation into Communist activities now being conducted in New York City. It is difficult to be patient with this sort of official sidestepping. But if we are to have investigations of Communist activities, as perhaps we should have in order to permit Mr. Whalen to sleep at night, then let the investigation be public, thorough, unbiased, and receptive of testimony from all sides. And let us not forget that an investigation does not offer an excuse for indiscriminate red hunts or a fresh series of Lusk laws. We have had enough of that sort of hysteria. Let us not forget, also, that as a specific case of what the Communists would rightly call class justice, Robert Minor, William Z. Foster, Israel Amter, and Harry Raymond are in jail in New York, convicted of a misdemeanor, that they were sentenced to from six months to three years in prison, and that they have been denied bail pending appeal of their case. These men clearly suffer not for their offense, which was slight, but for their opinions. Whatever their opinions, they are entitled to their rights and privileges under the law.

SALT DEPOTS NEAR BOMBAY were raided on May 18. By the end of the day several hundred Indians had been arrested, but according to reports not one blow had been struck. The incident is an indication not only of the strength in India of the doctrine of non-violence, but also of what non-violence coupled with the vast numbers of the Indian population could accomplish. Meanwhile, along the strategic northwest border the British are quelling unrest with bombs. At Allahabad the working committe of the All India National Congress called upon all Indian papers to cease publication and another resolution called for non-payment of certain taxes in certain provinces. The Viceroy has announced that the proposed round-table conference will be held on October 20, and V. J. Patel, lately speaker of the Legislative Assembly, states that Gandhi would probably be willing to participate even now if he were assured that no other question except a grant of complete dominion status would be discussed. In view of the importance of accurate and impartial news from India, interviews such as the one given out by L. F. Rushbrook Williams on his arrival in this country recently should be carefully scrutinized. When it is remembered that Professor Williams is envoy at London of the Chamber of Indian Princes, probably the most reactionary body in India, it is easy to understand why he calls Gandhi a "fanatical reactionary." Even so, it seems hardly necessary to produce "from among his private state papers" as new and conclusive evidence against Gandhi and his movement the "confession" (consisting of Gandhi's strictures on the machine age and modern science generally) which was openly printed in 1909 and which, according to C. F. Andrews, one of Gandhi's closest friends, Gandhi would probably modify if he recast it at this time. Why Professor Williams should be going immediately to Washington to report on the Indian situation to the British Embassy of a Labor Government is hard to understand.

EVERY FRIEND OF HAITI will rejoice in the peaceful transfer of the Presidency on May 15 from Louis Borno, the puppet of the American Occupation, to Eugene Roy, the non-partisan candidate agreed on by all factions in March during the visit of the Forbes Commission. One important step toward American withdrawal is thus taken. That withdrawal should be hastened, for the Haitians know too well the meaning of American occupation. We pass over the threatened renewal of the Rodenberg concession in the Artibonite Valley—a dangerous exception to the Haitian law against alien landownership—to remind our readers of an incident here. A month ago the Navy Department awarded the Navy Cross to Lieutenant John B. Blanchard for "commendable courage and forbearance" in shooting down the group of Haitians at Aux Cayes whose slaughter led to the appointment of the Forbes Commission. Chief Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd received a special letter of commendation "for courage and good judgment in assisting in the dispersal of the mob"—perhaps for shooting straight. In face of such a revelation of the temper and judgment of our naval

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authorities, it is small wonder that the Haitians would like to hasten the departure of General Russell.

EGYPT WILL REMAIN EGYPT, for the present at least, with the same political status as before, now that the London negotiations for a new treaty have broken down. The rock on which the negotiations split, it seems, was the question of the Sudan. The British Government appears to have taken the position that the Sudan issue was not to be discussed at the London parley; the Egyptian delegation, on the other hand, insisted upon taking up the question at London and settling it then and there. The Egyptian demands included a majority representation in the administrative council of the Sudan, an Egyptian vice-governor, the opening of other important offices to Egyptians, and the return to the Sudan of Egyptian troops. The British Government offered very substantial concessions in the matter of the withdrawal of British troops from other parts of the country and their concentration along the Suez Canal, but it refused to give up the joint control over the Sudan (joint only in name because in fact British) on the ground that the arrangement had not yet been sufficiently tested and that Egyptian capacity for complete self-government had not yet been proved. The outcome was welcomed by the Conservatives, but the Labor Government gains no credit from the failure.

FIFTY-FIVE DAYS before the end of his prison term, John Santanella made an attempt at escape from Sing Sing, was caught, and is now in solitary confinement, facing the seven-to-fourteen-year term imposed by the Baumes law for breaking jail. We recommend this story to those persons who object to making our prisons into "country clubs," and who do not approve of pampering of prisoners. For here was a young man, twenty-nine years of age by the way, who in less than two months would have been free! No country club, no baseball team, no moving-picture show can equal that in the eyes of the prisoner behind bars. On July 11 John Santanella would have been at liberty, and because he found himself totally unable to endure waiting for that imminent day he made a mad try at his freedom, one that he must have known was one chance in a thousand, because prison is abominable, unendurable, lacerating to the spirit no matter how much entertainment is provided behind the bars. We can offer our prisoners better food, better beds, more decent living conditions, more recreation—and they will still be in prison. We need not fear that we shall be pampering them while that fact persists.

THE PULITZER PRIZE awards will probably precipitate the usual controversy and dissent. While there is likely to be general gratification over the choice of Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" as the outstanding play of the year, there will be a great deal of speculation as to why Oliver La Farge's "Laughing Boy" was chosen in preference either to Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" or Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel." The history award, moreover, again raises a larger issue. According to the New York *World's* report, the Pulitzer jury favored Claude Bowers's "The Tragic Era" by a vote of two to one, but its decision was reversed by the Columbia School of Journalism Advisory Board, which voted for Claude H. Van Tyne's "The War of Independence." Thus the juries of recommendation continue to be treated with scant respect. In 1920 the committee, after having voted for "Main Street," was overruled and the prize given to "The Age of Innocence." In 1924 the committee recommended to the Advisory Board that the dramatic prize be awarded to "The Show-Off." The recommendation was disregarded and the prize went to Hatcher Hughes's "Hell-Bent fer Heaven"—with the jurors left to discover that fact through the newspapers. Last year it was rumored that a recommendation of Upton Sinclair's "Boston" was rejected and Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" chosen instead. With so little value attached to their opinion, how long can first-rate men be expected to serve on the juries of recommendation?

THE DEATH OF DEADWOOD DICK will come as a surprise to thousands who never knew that he existed outside the pages of the thrillers of which he was the hero. He was, however, substantial enough to ride the pony express, fight Indians, and, finally, a year or so ago, to come via airplane for a visit to President Coolidge. We shall not undertake even to hazard a guess concerning the amount of fact to be found in the numberless tales written around him by "Ned Buntline" (Edward L. Wheeler), who was also responsible for the Buffalo Bill yarns, but he seems at least to have talked and acted the part. At the time of his death at the age of eighty-four he was still keeping his curls and still explaining the notchless butt of his pistol by declaring that he had never shot a white man or kept track of Indians slain. This has the authentic ring; but "Deadwood," we fear, has just missed the immortality probably assured to Buffalo Bill. An extensive series of novels dealing with the latter is kept continually in print, but "Deadwood" is unknown to a generation which follows the snaky youths now reigning in Hollywood.

HERBERT CROLY conducted the *New Republic* bravely and outspokenly for sixteen years, always with scholarly learning and sincerity. Freed by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Straight from any anxiety as to the stability of the organ that he conducted, he quickly made it an important influence upon public opinion, notably in the war years. Then it was almost the fashion; indeed, it was, for a time, supposed to be the mouthpiece of the White House. To one of its editors was attributed the drafting of the Fourteen Points. Under Mr. Croly's leadership the *New Republic* made the grave mistake of yielding to the belief that if only the United States entered the war it could dictate the peace and thereby assure a much better world. Events speedily showed the faultiness of this philosophy, as they revealed anew that liberalism and war cannot come together without damage to all liberal causes, and the editor of the *New Republic* later proved that he was not unaware of it. Not originally trained for journalism or naturally well-equipped for it—he wrote at too great length and without adequate clarity—he yet published an extremely valuable periodical. As for his books, one, "The Promise of American Life," had a great deal of effect upon liberal thinking in the time of Roosevelt and the muck-raking period, though it would hardly bear reexamination today. In Mr. Croly's death American journalism loses one of its foremost exponents, and the editors of *The Nation* an able and most valued colleague in the field of weekly journalism.

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Business and the Law

HARD cases make bad law, the jurists say. Some very bad law is likely to come out of the merger movement, then; for it certainly is putting some extremely hard cases up to the legal officers of the government. The Standard-Vacuum Oil merger and the radio trust development are only the two latest conspicuous examples of a widespread and inevitable movement that goes squarely athwart the original theory of the Anti-Trust Act. The Department of Justice is entitled to sympathy in its attempt to enforce that law. So are the great business men who are trying to find some legal way of doing what they find themselves economically bound to do. So are the smaller business men who look anxiously to the strict enforcement of the law as the necessary condition of their being able to continue in business.

The Sherman anti-trust law, passed in 1890, contented itself with putting into statutory form the common-law doctrine that contracts and combinations in restraint of trade and commerce are unlawful. It left to the courts the task of giving concrete meaning and content to that doctrine as the cases arose. The law was based on the nineteenth-century theory that there is something peculiarly "natural" about a condition in which there are many competitors in an industry; only the natural depravity of certain human beings leads them to interfere with this beatific state of nature. Of course, even in that dim and misty past students recognized that railroads and street-car companies did not fit into this idyllic competitive picture. Still, they were "exceptions," so we just tried to prevent the evil of combination by prohibiting it. For twenty years, accordingly, the courts struggled along, interpreting the law as prohibiting all combinations in restraint of trade. It was the theory of a community industrially undeveloped. Yet even so the judges tried not to strangle the developing business forces of the country. Their task, no easy one, grew harder as the years passed.

For the business men, prohibited by law from combining, yet found themselves driven by well-nigh irresistible economic forces to unite with other business men. It was not alone the lure of monopoly profits, powerful though that incentive was. It was also the economies and the efficiency of combination that brought them into more and more effective union, law or no law. It is easy to blame the business men who sought to get around the law and the great lawyers who devised ways of getting around it. The plain truth is that our economic growth was making it necessary to change the law.

The Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case in 1911 accordingly changed it by the simple device of invoking the so-called "rule of reason." The language of the law remained unchanged, but during the past twenty years that language has meant that only combinations in "unreasonable" restraint of trade are prohibited. What constitutes unreasonable restraint is a matter for the courts and Congress to determine. In that attempt we have clung with one hand to the benefits of competition and chaos; with the other we have grasped for the gains of combination and order. The result has been a hodgepodge of legislation, administrative regulations, and court decisions in which it is hard to trace any consistent theory. By the Clayton Act and the Trade Commission Act we undertake to prohibit simply certain forms of "unfair" competition. Monopoly, we thus in effect assume, is unobjectionable if not established and maintained by such methods. By the Transportation Act, on the other hand, we try, just as we have always done under the Interstate Commerce Act, to keep competition alive among the railroads, while at the same time we attempt to bring about a stability of return that implies somewhere a monopolistic power to fix rates. The Department of Commerce, particularly under the administration of Mr. Hoover and his successor as secretaries, has been active in fostering trade-practice conferences, open-price associations, and other agencies for bringing order, unity, and organization into industries that are still actively competitive. The Department of Justice meanwhile has been by turns quiescent and uneasily active in suggesting that such organization violates the law.

Where business men themselves took the initiative in organization, as in the oil and radio cases now before the courts, the government's legal department has sometimes been active in prosecution under the Anti-Trust Act; sometimes it has displayed a notable lack of zeal in that direction. In the radio case, for example, Mr. Young states that the government has been advised of every step in the development; yet suit has only now been started, and the Attorney General is careful to state that the department is not initiating any trust-busting campaign. With every desire to see the small business protected against the great one, we venture to suggest that the somewhat hesitant course of the courts and the Department of Justice in some of these great cases may be due at least in part to a recognition of economic realities. The anti-trust law of 1890 has become more and more hopelessly divorced from the industrial and commercial necessities of our developing industrial life.

We need to do some clear thinking. If the Radio Corporation or the oil companies have been guilty of concrete violations of law, as charged, by all means let them be prosecuted. But let us not imagine that the mere fact of bigness or even the growth of monopoly not based on unfair competitive practices is ground for hostile legal action or public disapproval. We live in the day of huge industrial and commercial enterprises; law, it has been said, is the crystallization of economic imperatives. The law, then, must adjust itself to the needs of a society that lives by the activities of trusts and combinations of every kind. That society cannot go back to the days of the itinerant shoemaker, the local grist mill, and the jerkwater railroad; if it tried to it would starve to death. No less certainly, if it tries to put present-day business into the strait-jacket of the law that fitted the old conditions, business will be hampered for a time but will ultimately burst the strait-jacket after a sufficient amount of injury has been done to the community. The real task of a modern democracy is not to fight large-scale organization, but to learn to use it for the common welfare. We shall not accomplish that without making large inroads on the present organization of private enterprise.

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The Briand Plan

M. BRIAND'S plan of a United States of Europe turns out to be something quite different in two important particulars from what was expected. In the general remarks about the scheme which M. Briand made at Geneva in September, he took pains to insist that the proposed union was to be of an economic and not a political character, and that it was not, of course, to duplicate any existing organization. In the so-called questionnaire which he has now made public, politics stand in the forefront of the proposed union. "All possibility of progress toward economic union," M. Briand declares, "being strictly determined by the question of security," which again is "closely bound up with the question of possible progress in the realm of political union," it is in the political field that the organizers of the projected union are admonished to begin their work. The mention of security is, of course, characteristically French, but the importance which M. Briand assigns to it shows that his United States of Europe, whatever else it may be, will unmistakably be political.

The proposed union is also, it now appears, to be tied closely to the League of Nations. It is to be a league within the League. The difference is that while the League of Nations is intended to be universal, the Briand union will embrace only European states. It will apply to Europe the principle of regional security and mutual assurance which the Locarno treaties embody. With the League of Nations, however, the working relations would be very close. The permanent secretariat, it is suggested, should be established at Geneva, and the possibility of using, at least partially or temporarily, the special facilities of the League is to be kept in mind. The proposal that the committee of organization should address itself to "a study of political, economic, social, and other questions interesting the European community and not yet dealt with by the League of Nations" suggests that the proposed union is expected in practice to be subordinate to the League, and that when the League chooses to broaden its activities those of the union will shrink.

In the non-political field, on the other hand, M. Briand holds out some very interesting opportunities. The simplification of tariff policies naturally has first place, but the tentative program includes also such important matters as industrial unions and cartels, coordination of public works, communication by land, water, and air, telegraphs, telephones, and radio, facilitation of credit for states in need of it, a long list of labor issues, public hygiene, and intellectual cooperation in universities, schools, and the press. The main question, of course, is whether any such scheme can actually be made to work. The plan is French, and the danger is that the union will be dominated by France. As long as France sees everything through the red glass of security, the political character of the union would color all its proceedings. A few more speeches such as Mussolini has lately been making, with their glorification of force and their thinly veiled defiance of France, may well lead Europe to conclude that the time for political or economic union has not yet come and that Italy, at least, prefers war to peace. M. Briand, however, has made a most interesting and valuable gesture which may prove epoch-making.

The Hucksters' Treaty

TWO things at least the country has learned from the Senate committee hearings on the London naval treaty. The first is that the American delegation had no instructions from the President when it set out for London and received no instructions from him while it was there—incredible as the latter fact appears. Secretary Stimson, in his first day's testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee, stated categorically that "we went over to London without any specific instructions from the President, either written or verbal. Of course, we knew his general views. We had had the privilege of several talks with him, but he abstained from giving us any instructions of a specific character whatever, preferring to trust the delegation to use its own discretion in the methods of negotiations." For this mark of confidence, he added, the delegation feels "profoundly grateful," while as for himself he expressed the belief that that was "the only way in which such a negotiation could be carried out successfully 3,000 miles away from home."

No instructions, of course, mean no special preparations. We have Mr. Stimson's word for it that the American delegation was sent overseas with no plan to offer, no particular indications of the course it was expected to follow, no clear idea even, it would seem, of the problems to be dealt with. The delegates had had the "privilege" of talking with Mr. Hoover and knew his "general views"; beyond that they were left in the dark. It would be interesting to know if Mr. Hoover, in the talks which he so graciously accorded, let drop a hint that he and Ramsay MacDonald had actually reached no agreement at all and that the whole matter of parity was up in the air; or if the Great Engineer intimated that there might be difficulty in translating parity into concrete terms of tonnage and gun caliber, or in creating a "yardstick"; or if, having nothing else to do, anybody thought it worth while to study the French program that was made public some weeks before the delegation sailed. Mr. Stimson did not say. He merely voiced profound gratitude that the delegation was sent off with a glad but empty hand.

As far as can be judged from the testimony given at Washington, the negotiations went on in the blundering fashion that was to be expected when the party with the biggest retinue did not know exactly what was to be done and had not a single previously prepared proposal to offer. The American delegation backed and filled, advanced and sidestepped, put on a bold front and knuckled down under pressure, just like any bunch of political hucksters. The amazing suggestion of building another American battleship, we now learn, was only a shady trick to frighten the British into making a concession. When, at last, it appeared that the conference was at the point of going to pieces, the delegation hurriedly took what it could get, labeled it parity, emitted another hosanna, and scuttled for home to lay the fruits of a glorious victory at the feet of the Chief.

The other thing is that nobody seems to know exactly what the parity provisions of the treaty mean, or whether, assuming that they mean this or that or something else, the bargain is in either case a good one for the United States.

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Secretary Stimson is confident that if anyone will read the treaty as he reads it, parity will be found sticking out all over it; and Secretary Adams, when driven into a corner and compelled to say something definite, appears to agree with his colleague. Admiral Pratt and Rear-Admiral Jones, on the other hand, one of whom is as good a technical authority as the other, are not agreed at all either about parity or about the comparative merits of cruisers with eight-inch guns and cruisers with six-inch guns, though, as a letter from Rear-Admiral Jones shows, he held precisely the opposite opinion last year; Rear-Admiral Bristol, chairman of the General Board of the Navy, comes to the support of Rear-Admiral Jones, while the General Board, which was not consulted during the negotiations, appears to have different ideas today from those it had a couple of years ago and, it now appears, did violence to its own views a year ago to cheat the British. Putting together the reports from Washington, London, and Tokio, it appears that the United States, Great Britain, and Japan have each got too much or too little, according to the way you look at it.

One thing alone is certain. Whatever parity is, it will cost the United States about a billion dollars if it undertakes to attain it. Perhaps Mr. Hoover, who did not think it worth while to instruct the American delegation about anything, overlooked this trifling matter, and the national enthusiasm would certainly have been dampened had he mentioned it. Now, however, it stares the country in the face, not, indeed, as a certainty, but as an imminent possibility, unless defeated by a popular protest. We hope the Senate committees will go right ahead exposing the scheme.

Fridtjof Nansen

TO Caesar it was thrice given to refuse the kingly crown. To Fridtjof Nansen once. When he who had worked so hard for the separation of Norway and Sweden shared in the joy of that peaceful achievement his fellow-countrymen looked to him to be their royal leader. In vain. This simple and great zoologist, oceanographer, explorer, and statesman decided without delay. It was not for his own advantage that he had labored for separation. Indeed, there was no time in his life that his noble spirit ever labored for itself. Of him, too, it could truthfully be said that his countrymen were all mankind. The knowledge that he sought at the risk of his life was meant for all the world. And when, in the aftermath of the dreadful carnage of the World War, victors and vanquished alike turned to him for aid and leadership, it was because they recognized his unselfishness, his greatness, his worthiness to wear any crown. The Nobel Prize was rightly his in 1922 for his services to the repatriated prisoners, to the starving Germans and Russians. If there are four men in the world today to be ranked with him in ability, in character, in breadth, in steadfastness, and in statesmanship we know them not.

Nature cast Nansen in heroic mold, both physically and mentally. It fitted him out with a daring spirit, but one controlled by a clear reasoning and profound mentality that rejected humbug, despised cant, and gave to his extraordinary adventuring not the objective of mere reckless excitement but a direct and scientific aim. Others might vanish into the once awesome silences of the Arctic for personal reasons—to win notoriety or to be able to say that they had stood first at the North Pole. With Nansen, achieving the farthest north of his time was purely incidental to the scientific task of plotting currents and assaying drifts across the top of the globe. He went with complete modesty; and years of isolation in a tiny ship with a handful of comrades merely intensified the innate simplicity and kindliness of this Norseman.

Never was there a record of failure here; never quarrels, nor bickerings, nor jealousies. Amundsen, his rival, was one of his dearest friends, whose magnificent flinging away of his life in the endeavor to aid some unworthy adventurers was worthy of them both. The world of science and of ice seemed to Nansen big enough for all. Nothing of Peary and Cook here—only the desire to serve knowledge. Yet Nansen's spirit was enslaved to the lure of the Arctic. At sixty-eight he was ready to fly across the Pole in the Graf Zeppelin, again for scientific purposes, and mourned the postponement of the venture for another year—as it has turned out, forever. It was impossible to hear him tell of his plans when he was last in America and feel that there was any other motive than to add a substantial amount to our knowledge of Arctic currents, depths, water temperatures, and drifts, in order to equip further the science of meteorology. At a period of life when other men would think of rest and retirement, there was about him no suggestion of age or slackening vitality, only the same quiet dauntlessness, the same gentle spirit and iron will.

But never to the point of being cold or unmoved in the presence of wrongdoing. Within was a soul that could burn to a white heat; that could speak out in unmeasured terms, for example, as to the follies and blunders of the Treaty of Versailles; that could find no words too strong to censure those who sought to exploit and to degrade a beaten enemy. Here was vision, here humanitarianism in its finest form. Here was a statesman who could really see ahead; who realized that it was of no avail to destroy given evils if thereby others were created to take their places. When better-known statesmen at Paris—better known because of the blood they caused to be spilled—could only talk of revenge and punishment here was one to keep his head and his judgment clear. So they turned to him, the neutral Norwegian. It was he who was made High Commissioner to repatriate the prisoners of the World War, especially those in Russia and the Balkans; he who labored for the starving German children; who threw himself into the struggle for life of multitudes of starving Russians as if they were of his own flag; who became the chief of the committee of the League of Nations for the relief of the Armenians and the Greeks. It appeared at once that this man was a great executive, capable of extraordinary achievements in the same modest manner in which he achieved the Polar Seas—that modesty which is always the accompaniment of the truly great. His was the international mind at its best, free to be itself without compromise because he kept himself apart from mere partisanship or party office-holding, though he served well in the post of minister to Great Britain in the diplomatic service of his country as a special negotiator of treaties. And wherever he went men knew him for what he was—a great man whose soul was never else than free.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

AS a recent recruit to vaudeville and the radio I have learned something which I should have known before. The passion for novelty concerning which much commotion arises from time to time is exceedingly ill-founded. Such managers and magazine editors as keep crying to their young men and women "Give them something new" are victims of a superficial fad. Few want anything new. The phrase "old stuff" is sometimes hurled as though it constituted a reproach. Instead it can be, and usually is, as warming as burning logs to the heart of the average man. And to better people than that as well.

Balboa on that peak saw for the first time the Pacific, and the poet would have us believe that the stout warrior's thrill was mighty. Maybe so, but it was of lesser caliber than others which he had known. I speak not from an intimate acquaintance with the Spaniard, but wholly on the theory that generals and O'Gradys are in some way similar. To me no sight or smell or sound or taste is so moving as the one which is somehow touched with familiarity. There is a lack in all first experiences. In this category I would include love at first sight. And it is also true of olives.

No emotion in man reaches so deep as recognition. Things remembered, even dimly, are friendly lights assuring the voyager that he still steers his true course. And there remains in the mind from old times the fear of the edges of the world where existence drops off sheerly on to the polished backs of turtles. Beyond that slippery surface there lies nothing. It is better to have under your feet the friendly gritty gravel of some well-remembered path.

It is not good that anyone should voyage forever after things which are new. Such journeyings must bring him into lonely places. However, man cannot truly flatten life into straight lines. Fretful courage may swing the circle wide, but it is still a circle. The wheel turns even in the firmest hands. At the end the voyager comes home. There will rise out of the sea a green island or a white cliff which he has seen before. He has sped through strange Sargassos, but all the time the ship was moving back to a remembered port.

Some may be irked to feel the tug of tether, but I would not. No, even though the orbit cuts this side of the rainbow's pot of gold, I would willingly turn back. A circle is better. It is more adventurous. It has no end.

If I have not made myself clear, I might perhaps be more explicit by turning my philosophy to the question of taste. Is there a man alive who enjoyed his first glass of beer? I refer, of course, to the days when no hint of devilish disobedience lay in this simple act. Before Volstead there was, I can testify, little enjoyment in the original experiment with beer. I can remember my surprise and chagrin to find it such bitter stuff. And was this the amber nectar I had read of in poems? How could the peasants and soldiers in the shows swill down this brew with such smacking of the lips? Not for a moment was the concoction in any way comparable to a frosted chocolate soda or even a bottle of pop.

Had I been a person of weak character the first glass of beer would also have been my last. But out of the determination to make good and fit myself to stand shoulder to shoulder with my fellows I persisted. The copybook maxim that there is no such word as "fail" inspired me to go on. And the maxim justified itself. In course of time I could drink beer even in reasonable quantities without making faces. And so I would celebrate not the first glass, but the nine-hundredth, which was the point where aptitude and liking began to develop. First there had to be familiarity. Fondness came later.

It is certainly so with tobacco. The comic papers which serve to establish and perpetuate many fallacies are correct in the assumption that the first experience with nicotine is generally wretched. Not one of the cigarette addicts of my acquaintance but had to fight his way through noxious fumes before he was able to set the habit upon a solid basis. And to the list of things which are more fun in later rather than earlier meetings I would include skylines, music, paintings, mountains, lakes, and, I believe, loved ones.

Surely this is demonstrably true of music. The new opera has a hard time getting a responsive audience because its melodies are strange. The old ones hang on persistently, for in them are passages which set heart and feet to tapping. The case of critics may be quite different, but the ordinary, run-of-the-mill music-lover is not after novel sensations. For him the spell of Verdi and Puccini and Wagner does not stale.

I rather think the same thing holds true in the theater. Playwrights do a deal of puzzling and pondering over what Broadway calls "a new twist." And then there comes along some naive dramatist who writes about a young man, a young woman, and a moonlit garden, quite oblivious of the fact that it has been done before. To him, as like as not, the laurels are accorded. Much has been said about the novelty of "The Green Pastures." And it is not inaccurate to say that nothing like it has been seen in the theater of our day. Yet Mr. Connelly himself knows quite well that for his pattern he went back to something as ancient as the old miracle plays. Surely the factor of recognition is not absent in a dramatic piece which wins the laughter and the tears of spectators by telling to them once again the story of Noah, and his ark, and the flood. For many this reaches down to the time when they were smallish and in Sunday school back home.

Even in strange circumstances there comes to the adventurer the vague misgiving that some time or other he has been by this selfsame door before. Both poets and psychologists have commented on this lurking memory of an ancient swing around the circle. It is an emotion not unknown to columnists. Again and again I get as far as the third paragraph in the treatment of a brand-new, current theme, only to be impeded by the thought "Just when was it that I wrote this column before?" I've learned to put such thoughts away. If it seems to me a good piece that's enough. I almost welcome the suspicion that it may be a twice-told tale. "Perhaps," I say to myself, "they'll like it better on this second lap."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Veto the Tariff!

WHO wants this new tariff? Certainly not the newspaper editors of the industrial States. As indicated by *The Nation's* poll they demand its veto by a majority of more than 3 to 2. By 4 to 1 they believe that it will raise the cost of living. By 2 to 1 they hold that the situation of manufactures does not warrant its enactment. By 7 to 4 they express their belief that it will injure us economically. By 12 to 1 they declare that it will make our relations with other countries more difficult. The bill has been savagely criticized because Congress, it is charged, actually wrote it for the benefit of the manufacturers instead of the farmers. Yet, as we reported last week, a majority of the New England editors answering our questionnaire ask for a veto. This week adds the striking fact that of eight great industrial States stretching from the Hudson to the Mississippi six show a majority for a veto. Even Pennsylvania, where protection is more sacred than religion, yields 10 editors who favor vetoing against 11 who favor signing the bill. Illinois shows 6 for signing against 4 for vetoing.

The Nation's questionnaire was addressed to 590 editors in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan—a solid block of industrial States. Up to the time of going to press replies had been received from 117, divided in the proportion of a little more than 2 Republican and a little less than 2 independent papers to 1 Democratic, 1 independent Republican, and 1 independent Democratic (in addition to the Socialist Milwaukee *Leader*). There seems to be little connection between the politics of the editors and their opinions on the tariff. The specific questions and answers follow.

1. *Will the pending bill, if enacted, raise the cost of living?*

Yes, 84; no, 22. Three others think the increase will not be appreciable; and 5 just "don't know."

2. *If so, does our manufacturing situation warrant the enactment of the pending bill?*

Yes, 33; no, 68. Fifteen of those who expect the new tariff to raise the cost of living believe that the manufacturing situation none the less warrants its enactment, some of them basing their opinion on individual industries and special local conditions.

3. *Will the new tariff ultimately benefit or injure us economically?*

Benefit, 38; injure, 69. Five papers are in doubt.

4. *Will it improve or injure our international relations?*

Improve, 6; injure, 75. Nineteen papers expect little or no result. A striking feature of the returns from this section of the country, as from New England, is the widespread conviction that the Smoot-Hawley tariff is going to make our international relations more difficult. It may be doubted whether an equal uneasiness has attended the enactment of any previous tariff law.

5. *Should the President sign or veto the bill?*

Sign, 40; veto, 66. Five editors are frankly uncertain, or else willing to leave it to the omniscience of the President.

Certain interesting results appear in the returns by States. It is astonishing to find 12 Pennsylvania editors who think that the bill is going to injure us economically, as against only 11 who look for benefit; 18 of them think that it will embarrass us in international relations, as against only 2 on the other side; only 10 think that the condition of manufactures warrants enactment, as against 11 opposed; and 10 out of 21 actually favor vetoing the bill. In Ohio, out of 20 papers, no less than 18, thinking that the bill will do us both economic and political damage, come out flatly for a veto. The New York editors, except for 5 who expect little result, are solid on the political disadvantages of the proposed measure; 12 editors are for vetoing, 10 for signing the bill.

No one acquainted with the limitations of an inquiry of this kind will lay too much stress on the results, striking and surprising as they are. The actual number of answers is small, even though it does include, in the States covered, 20 per cent of the dailies with more than 2,500 circulation. The returns are by no means proportioned to the population or the industrial importance of the States covered. They reflect rather the interest of the editors canvassed in the tariff question. Further, it is probable that those opposed to the bill would be more likely to answer than those in favor of it. Yet when all allowances are made, the results of this poll in the greatest industrial section of the country are distinctly arresting. They gain added interest from the fact that the returns give disproportionate weight, so far as can be judged from a rapid inspection of the replies, to the papers in the smaller towns. These papers, with a few thousand circulation each, may not unfairly be considered to reflect local sentiment even more closely than the press of the great cities. If they are as hostile to this proposed measure as our returns indicate, what is the state of opinion in the large cities, which on the whole are more inclined to trade liberalism?

This summary may well close with a few individual comments, largely from the editors of the smaller papers. The Punxsutawney (Pennsylvania) *Spirit* expresses a view almost unique in our returns: The bill is warranted, "only it is not sufficiently protective. The bill should have been passed as originally drawn by Senator Smoot." The Canton (Ohio) *News*, on the other hand, fears the consequences of enactment: "Production, when above normal, more than supplies United States demand. Our outlet is foreign trade. Wages must go up to meet living increases, and we cannot compete with other countries." The Muncie (Indiana) *Evening Press* expects no effect on international relations "after a first few squawks from Europe," but the Lafayette (Indiana) *Journal of Commerce* declares: "Reprisals do not constitute our idea of neighborliness." The Ottawa (Illinois) *Republican Times*, despairing of knowing anything about the matter, would have the tariff "a cut-and-try proposition . . . taken out of the hands of Congress and given to a bureau to handle with power to change where and when changes are needed." The Passaic *News-Herald* declares, however, that "one schedule will mean the reemployment in this city of 5,000 persons, now idle, due to cheap Tyrolean and Chinese orphanage labor. They are handkerchief operators." If there is anywhere in these States a trace of enthusiasm for the pending bill, our returns do not disclose it.

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"My Dear Senator"*

IV

MY DEAR SENATOR: You ask me if I really still believe in free trade in view of the fact that the whole trend of the world is toward a protective tariff and the movement in England is becoming stronger and stronger. I do not accept your statement of fact, but that I waive in order to answer your question directly. I can see no reason whatsoever for modifying my belief that free trade is not only the sound and rational policy for any country to adopt, but that it is eminently practicable and workable.

As I have written to you before, I do not mean to suggest, nor does any other free-trader, that the present system could be changed over night into complete free trade. There would have to be a gradual approach—first, in the direction of tariffs for revenue only with the protective principle eliminated. There could be no such transition without working some hardship upon government-pap-fed industries, and those which are kept alive in defiance of economic law and in spite of the absence of any economic necessity for them. But, as has been pointed out so often, this fact that there might be very considerable readjustments need deter no one from accepting the sound principle of complete freedom of trade, for the fact is that radical and far-reaching readjustments are the order of the day in many lines of industry. You yourself have seen miles and miles of abandoned trolley lines in New England, the values in which have been destroyed by the coming of the motor bus. You have seen in your home town the displacement of the harness-maker, blacksmith, livery-stable keeper, and carriage-maker, all driven into other lines of industry by the arrival of the automobile. Rayon strikes a deadly blow at the silk mills; short skirts cripple woolen and cotton mills; the radio changes the whole situation as to the phonograph. Yet in none of these cases has there been an especial appeal to public sympathies, or a demand that Congress reimburse those who have lost their invested capital.

The worst thing about the protective tariff, aside from the corruption of our public life, is that it keeps in business numerous incompetents. As I have already pointed out to you, it is impossible for any tariff-making machinery, whether a Congress or a commission, to investigate an entire industry in order to ascertain whether the bulk of its members are conducting their enterprises efficiently or inefficiently, honestly or dishonestly, whether the stockholders are being mulcted for the benefit of insiders, and whether its methods are not too antiquated to deserve perpetuation by government protection. From the point of view of economic waste alone it is immoral of the government to keep alive inefficient businesses. Again, you are of the school that believes that competition is the life of trade. Then why destroy international competition?

But the truth is that the history of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany affords the clearest proof that freedom of trade over great stretches of the earth's surface is practicable and just and the surest means of building up great nations. Russia under the Bolsheviks is now about to prove the same thing again. There are one hundred and sixty-nine ethnographic groups, and heaven knows how many small and large republics, divisions, and subdivisions, in that great country. Would you suggest that they be encouraged to place tariff walls around their respective areas? If you look at Europe as a whole and can forget the flags of the several nationalities is it not perfectly plain that what they need is the striking down of all the tariff barriers to admit freedom of trade between themselves? The leading bankers of the world in their manifesto of 1927 suggested this, and the possibilities of such an arrangement are just beginning to dawn upon M. Briand. Is this a time to doubt the workability of the system? Is it correct to say that the whole trend of the world is in the other direction?

I must refuse, however, to be drawn into a discussion of individual cases of hardship which might take place. The principle is sound and that is sufficient, precisely as it is a sound principle that men should be free and not enslaved, that people should determine their own fate and not foreigners who happen to be able to impose their will upon them by force. If one flag flew over the whole world, as some day it will, you would not question the advisability of free trade for everybody. During the World War when the Allies took charge of the greater part of the world, they did their best to expedite freedom of trade between neutrals and the Allied nations. It is true that they did not seek to break down the tariff walls, but the aim of their great communistic experiment was to keep trade moving freely and steadily across the five seas, so that each country might have its share of the raw materials of the world, with the least possible waste and oversupplying.

Morally speaking, the case for free trade is unanswerable. Ethically we have certainly no justification for ruining the lace-makers of Switzerland or France, or the diamond-cutters of Belgium. We have no right whatever to carry on a fiscal policy which is the excuse jumped at by employers of labor in other countries to depress the wages of their workers so that they may overcome our new tariff rates. The way to meet foreign competition, by the way, is not to run away from it, but to improve our methods of production. I heard of a very interesting case the other day. Our electric-bulb manufacturers were seriously threatened by the Japanese production. Instead of doing the cry-baby act and rushing to Washington, they developed their machinery and their labor to such an extent that Japanese competition is now the least of their worries. The excuse that the other fellow is paying lower wages covers a multitude of economic sins and human inefficiencies!

But my main point is that protection connotes corruption. You cannot put a political party in a position of dispensing tremendous tariff favors, of regulating the size of the profits of any business or industry, without inviting corruption. It is inevitable and inescapable. So the whole

* The fourth of a series of articles on the national political situation and the issues it involves.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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system wreaks a terrible punishment upon our country, besides mulcting the great mass of the American people that the few favored may profit. That protection was the handmaiden of socialism was stated long ago in the days of Horace White, David A. Wells, and Professor William Graham Sumner, of Yale. Nowadays we think differently about socialism—we are all socialists in larger or lesser degree—but the fact is that this is an interference by government which has no economic warrant whatever but is specious and misleading. There can be no compromising with this evil. Give the tariff barons an inch and they will take an ell. Thirty-three of the nations of the world they have now got by the ears with their latest tariff, and Joe Grundy says he is going to put Herbert Hoover out of office and elect a Republican Congress which will give us a real tariff—one that will keep out every single manufactured article which can also be produced in the United States. That is the logical position for a protectionist to take. The only way that it can be staved off is for those of us who are not economically crazy to take the other extreme—that we shall refuse to compromise at all, that we shall wage unyielding war upon the proposal that the government shall guarantee profits to private businesses for the regulation of which it assumes no responsibility.

Yours very truly,

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Lift Up Thine Eyes

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

IT is a big assembling plant in a city of the Northwest. They assemble there the Bogel car. It is a car that sells in large numbers and at a low price. The parts are made in one great central plant and shipped to the places where they are to be assembled. There is little or no manufacturing done in the assembling plant itself. The parts come in. These great companies have learned to use the railroad cars for storage.

At the central plant everything is done on schedule. As soon as the parts are made they go into railroad cars. They are on their way to the assembling plants scattered all over the United States and they arrive on schedule.

The assembling plant assembles cars for a certain territory. A careful survey has been made. This territory can afford to buy so and so many cars per day.

"But suppose the people do not want the cars?"

"What has that to do with it?"

People, American people, no longer buy cars. They do not buy newspapers, books, foods, pictures, clothes. Things are sold to people now. If a territory can take so and so many Bogel cars, find men who can make them take the cars. That is the way things are done now.

In the assembling plant everyone works "on the belt." This is a big steel conveyor, a kind of moving sidewalk, waist-high. It is a great river running down through the plant. Various tributary streams come into the main stream, the main belt. They bring tires, they bring headlights, horns, bumpers for cars. They flow into the main stream. The main stream has its source at the freight cars, where the parts are unloaded, and it flows out to the other end of the factory and into other freight cars.

The finished automobiles go into the freight cars at the delivery end of the belt. The assembly plant is a place of peculiar tension. You feel it when you go in. It never lets up. Men here work always on tension. There is no let-up to the tension. If you can't stand it get out.

It is the belt. The belt is boss. It moves always forward. Now the chassis goes on the belt. A hoist lifts it up and places it just so. There is a man at each corner. The chassis is deposited on the belt and it begins to move. Not too rapidly. There are things to be done.

How nicely everything is calculated. Scientific men have done this. They have watched men work. They have stood looking, watch in hand. There is care taken about everything. Look up. Lift up thine eyes. Hoists are bringing engines, bodies, wheels, fenders. These come out of side streams flowing into the main stream. They move at a pace very nicely calculated. They will arrive at the main stream at just a certain place at just a certain time.

In this shop there is no question of wages to be wrangled about. The men work but eight hours a day and are well paid. They are, almost without exception, young, strong men. It is, however, possible that eight hours a day in this place may be much longer than twelve or even sixteen hours in the old carelessly run plants.

They can get better pay here than at any other shop in town. Although I am a man wanting a good many minor comforts in life, I could live well enough on the wages made by the workers in this place. Sixty cents an hour to begin and then, after a probation period of sixty days, if I can stand the pace, seventy cents or more.

To stand the pace is the real test. Special skill is not required. It is all perfectly timed, perfectly calculated. If you are a body upholsterer, so many tacks driven per second. Not too many. If a man hurries too much too many tacks drop on the floor. If a man gets too hurried he is not efficient. Let an expert take a month, two months, to find out just how many tacks the average good man can drive per second.

There must be a certain standard maintained in the finished product. Remember that. It must pass inspection after inspection.

Do not crowd too hard.

Crowd all you can.

Keep crowding.

There are fifteen, twenty, thirty, perhaps fifty such assembling plants, all over the country, each serving its own section. Wires pass back and forth daily. The central office—from which all the parts come—at Jointville is the nerve center. Wires come in and go out of Jointville. In so and so many hours Williamsburg, with so and so many men, produced so and so many cars.

Now Burkesville is ahead. It stays ahead. What is up at Burkesville? An expert flies there.

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The man at Burkesville was a major in the army. He is the manager there. He is a cold, rather severe, rather formal man. He has found out something. He is a real Bogel man, an ideal Bogel man. There is no foolishness about him. He watches the belt. He does not say foolishly to himself, "I am the boss here." He knows the belt is boss.

He says there is a lot of foolishness talked about the belt. The experts are too expert, he says. He has found out that the belt can be made to move just a little faster than the experts say. He has tried it. He knows. Go and look for yourself. There are the men out there on the belt, swarming along the belt, each in his place. They are all right, aren't they?

Can you see anything wrong?

Just a trifle more speed in every man. Shove the pace up just a little, not much. With the same number of men, in the same number of hours, six more cars a day.

That's the way a major gets to be a colonel, a colonel a general. Watch that fellow at Burkesville, the man with the military stride, the cold steady voice. He'll go far.

Everything is nicely, perfectly calculated in all the Bogel assembling plants. There are white marks on the floor everywhere. Everything is immaculately clean. No one smokes, no one chews tobacco, no one spits. There are white bands on the cement floor along which the men walk. As they work, sweepers follow them. Tacks dropped on the floor are at once swept up. You can tell by the sweepings in a plant where there is too much waste, too much carelessness. Sweep everything carefully and frequently. Weigh the sweepings. Have an expert examine the sweepings. Report to Jointville.

Jointville says: "Too many upholsterers' tacks wasted in the plant at Port Smith. Belleville produced one hundred and eleven cars a day, with seven hundred and forty-nine men, wasting only nine hundred and six tacks."

It is a good thing to go through the plant now and then, select one man from all the others, give him a new and bigger job, just like that, offhand. If he doesn't make good, fire him.

It is a good thing to go through the plant occasionally, pick out some man, working apparently just as the others are, fire him.

If he asks why, just say to him, "You know."

He'll know why all right. He'll imagine why.

The thing is to build up Jointville. This country needs a religion. You have got to build up the sense of a mysterious central thing, a thing working outside your knowledge.

Let the notion grow and grow that there is something superhuman at the core of all this.

Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes.

The central office reaches down into your secret thoughts. It knows, it knows.

Jointville knows.

Do not ask questions of Jointville. Keep up the pace.

Get the cars out.

Get the cars out.

Get the cars out.

The pace can be accelerated a little this year. The men have all got tuned into the old pace now.

Step it up a little, just a little.

They have got a special policeman in all the Bogel assembling plants. They have got a special doctor there. A man hurts his finger a little. It bleeds a little, a mere scratch. The doctor reaches down for him. The finger is fixed. Jointville wants no blood poisonings, no infections.

The doctor puts men who want jobs through a physical examination, as in the army. Try his nerve reactions. We want only the best men here, the youngest, the fastest.

Why not?

We pay the best wages, don't we?

The policeman in the plant has a special job. That's queer. It is like this. Now and then the big boss passes through. He selects a man off the belt.

"You're fired."

"Why?"

"You know."

Now and then a man goes off his nut. He goes fantoed. He howls and shouts. He grabs up a hammer.

A stream of crazy profanity comes from his lips.

There is Jointville. That is the central thing. That controls the belt.

The belt controls me.

It moves.

It moves.

It moves.

I've tried to keep up.

I tell you I have been keeping up.

Jointville is God.

Jointville controls the belt.

The belt is God.

God has rejected me.

You're fired.

Sometimes a man, fired like that, goes nutty. He gets dangerous. A strong policeman on hand knocks him down, takes him out.

You walk within certain definite white lines.

It is calculated that a man, rubbing automobile bodies with pumice, makes thirty thousand and twenty-one arm strokes per day. The difference between thirty thousand and twenty-one and twenty-eight thousand and four will tell a vital story of profits or loss at Jointville.

Do you think things are settled at Jointville, or at the assembling plants of the Bogel car scattered all over America? Do you think men know how fast the belt can be made to move, what the ultimate, the final pace will be, can be?

Certainly not.

There are experts studying the nerves of men, the movements of men. They are watching, watching. Calculations are always going on. The thing is to produce goods and more goods at less cost. Keep the standard up. Increase the pace a little.

Stop waste.

Calculate everything.

A man walking to and from his work between white lines saves steps. There is a tremendous science of lost motion not perfectly calculated yet.

More goods at less cost.

Increase the pace.

Keep up standards.

It is so you advance civilization.

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In the Bogel assembling plants, as at Jointville itself, there isn't any laughter. No one stops work to play. No one fools around or throws things, as they used to do in the old factories. That is why Bogel is able to put the old-fashioned factories, one by one, out of business.

It is all a matter of calculation. You feel it when you go in. You feel rigid lines. You feel movement. You feel a strange tension in the air. There is a quiet terrible intensity.

The belt moves. It keeps moving. The day I was there a number of young boys had come in. They had been sent by a Bogel car dealer, away back somewhere in the country. They had driven in during the night and were to drive Bogel cars back over country roads to some dealer. A good many Bogel cars go out to dealers from the assembling plants, driven out by boys like that.

Such boys, driving all night, fooling along the road, getting no sleep.

They have a place for them to wait for the cars in the Bogel assembling plants. You have been at dog shows and have seen how prize dogs are exhibited, each in his nice clean cage. They have nice clean cages like that for country boys who drive in to Bogel assembling plants to get cars.

The boys come in. There is a place to lie down in there. It is clean. After the boy goes into his cage a gate is closed. He is fastened in.

If a country boy, sleepy like that, waiting for his car, wandered about in a plant he might get hurt.

There might be damage suits, all sorts of things.

Better to calculate everything. Be careful. Be exact.

Jointville thought of that. Jointville thinks of everything. It is the center of power, the new mystery.

Every year in America Jointville comes nearer and nearer being the new center. Men nowadays do not look to Washington. They look to Jointville.

Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes.

Safety Last

III. Why the Safety Movement Fails*

By LOUIS RESNICK

THE first ten years of the safety movement show fine records in the reduction of accidents. But what do the last ten years show? Briefly this: while the death-rate from diphtheria has been reduced about 80 per cent, while the mortality from tuberculosis has been cut 60 per cent, while infant mortality has been cut more than 30 per cent, while the general death-rate (from all causes combined) has declined, the death-rate from accidents in the United States has gone steadily up.

In industry, the American Association for Labor Legislation, studying the records of twenty-two States, found an average increase for 1923 of 30 per cent over the previous year. Half the States showed increases of 25 per cent or more. Nearly a quarter of them showed increases of more than 40 per cent. Several showed increases of 50 per cent. *Not one State showed a decrease in accidents.*

Later, Ethelbert Stewart, director of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington, said:

> The accidents of 1925 have apparently exceeded those of 1924, as certainly the accidents of 1923 greatly exceeded those of 1922. The trend in the iron and steel industry has been gradually and practically continuously downward. But I do not believe that the present trend in the iron and steel industry is applicable to industry as a whole. My own judgment is that accidents are on the increase.

Bureau of Mines records show that between 1916 and 1924 there was a 10 per cent increase in the number of miners killed *per million tons of coal mined* and an increase of 21 per cent in the number of miners killed *per million hours of work.* This despite the improvement in production methods and the introduction of coal-mining machinery.

The United States Department of Labor, analyzing the 1925-26 accident experience of 2,200 concerns in twenty-six States, employing approximately 1,000,000 men and women, found that six industries had declining accident-severity rates, while eighteen industries had rising severity rates. (Accident-severity rates are arrived at by computing the amount of time lost per million man-hours of work.)

> Since the cost of accidents is influenced by the severity rate of accidents rather than by their number [says the department's report], it is evident that the present tendency in general industry is toward greater cost.
>
> One factor in this rising cost may be the fact that all American industry has been much influenced by the effort for increased production. *This speeding up has not been accompanied by an equally intense effort toward accident prevention* except in the case of certain large organizations in which the safety movement first took root and which have been assiduous and successful in maintaining steadily improved conditions.

Finally, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, chairman of the Statistics Committee of the National Safety Council, and perhaps the best-informed person on vital statistics in America, told the 1927 Safety Congress that his committee found no decrease in the accident death-rate "in spite of the fact that 1927 promises to show the *lowest general death-rate* in our history." The year 1928, the year 1929, and the first quarter of 1930 show still further increases in accident rates. While progress is being made in almost every other field of life conservation, the much-advertised safety movement is running on a treadmill and is slipping back a bit each year.

What are the reasons for this state of affairs? Why is it that although "safety pays in dollars and cents," although methods of preventing most accidents have been devised and their efficiency thoroughly demonstrated, although there are safety councils by the score and it is always "Safety Week" somewhere in America—why, despite all this, are

* This is the last of three articles on the safety movement. The first two appeared in the issues of May 14 and 21.—Editor The Nation.

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more people killed by accidents in the United States today than ever before? Why has the campaign against accidents been so much less successful than the campaign against tuberculosis, or the campaign against children's diseases, or the whole public-health movement?

Why is it that at no time in the history of the safety movement have more than 10 per cent of the industrial concerns of America been members of any safety organization? Why is so little being done to check the rising tide of automobile fatalities, and why has so little been done in this direction throughout the past decade—especially since professional safety men knew ten years ago that for every million additional automobiles put into use, a thousand more persons would be killed every year?

Five thousand safety men know the answers to these questions; the officers of the several safety associations know them; most government officials who have anything to do with accident prevention know them; and, above all, every insurance executive knows them. The answers are not pleasant and so they are seldom mentioned, even in private, and never in public. It is high time these men and the country at large looked the facts in the face and tried to do something about it. So here they are—the reasons why the safety movement has failed to make greater progress. There are other reasons, but these are the most fundamental.

First, the safety movement lacks real leadership. There are probably 10,000 men engaged solely in the work of saving life and limb through accident prevention. They, more than any other group in industry or public life, know the tragedy of accidents. They see every mangled hand, every broken back. They, most frequently, must carry the news of death to mother, wife, or child. It is they who must then go back into the plant to investigate the cause of the accident and discover how easily it might have been prevented. Finally, it is they who must battle with management on the one hand and with the workmen themselves on the other hand to do what obviously will prevent a recurrence of that kind of accident. They are, for the most part, as fine a lot of men as can be found in medicine, law, or engineering. But the pay of most of them is less than that of plumbers, carpenters, or machinists.

Let the reader stop here and name a single great leader of the safety movement. Let him recall the names of all the safety men he has ever heard of. Let him even consult the files of the safety organization and see if he will find a single name comparable to that of Flexner or Mayo in medicine, Goethals and Hoover in engineering, Pupin or Edison in invention, Hughes, Root, or Brandeis in law. Find in the safety movement a single name comparable to Chrysler or Sloan in the automotive industries, Sarnoff or Aylesworth in radio, Warner or Fox in the movies—all fields of endeavor as new as safety. There are not now and there never have been any really great leaders in the movement.

Second, the safety movement lacks facilities for the training of its personnel. There is not now and there never has been in America a single school for the training of industrial-safety engineers or public-safety directors. New York University is just now giving one course in this subject, and that in the evening in the extension division. For twenty years safety men have talked about the need of a training school for safety engineers, but they have not in all that time succeeded in persuading a single engineering school or technical college to offer a degree in safety engineering or even to give a few courses in the fundamentals of accident prevention.

The plant manager who would not think of having anyone but a graduate chemist analyze his raw materials, anyone but a certified public accountant audit his books, anyone but a mechanical engineer calculate the strength of his steel will without hesitation call in an insurance clerk, a shop mechanic, or the chief watchman and say: "John, from now on you're the safety engineer in this plant; now get busy and stop accidents." What the safety movement needs is a high-grade school, or a number of them, for the training of men and women in the science or art of accident prevention.

Third, the proponents of the safety movement have thus far tried to sell the idea of accident prevention almost wholly on a "dollar-and-cents" basis, and they have largely failed because most people prefer to buy financial protection against the consequences of accidents, rather than try to prevent the accidents. The average employer spends a definite amount—a hundred dollars a year, a thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars, or more, depending on the amount of his pay roll—for workmen's-compensation insurance and then proceeds to "stop worrying about accidents," in the language of the insurance salesman. The average employer would rather do this than hire a safety engineer and undertake a thoroughgoing accident-prevention campaign, because he then knows at the beginning of the year exactly what accidents will cost him; he simply incorporates this amount in the total cost of manufacture and thereby passes the cost of accidents on to the ultimate consumer in the price of his commodity or service.

The employer is greatly encouraged to arrive at this decision by the argument of the insurance agent that a policy will give him not only financial protection against accidents, but actual accident-prevention service. A few of the larger insurance companies do attempt such a service, but in most instances it is only a gesture.

Much the same thing is true with respect to motor-vehicle accidents. For $50 to $100 a year one buys financial protection against the accidental killing of two persons. The insured motorist does not then set out to kill, but he drives with just a little more abandon than he would if he did not know that "the insurance company will take care of me in case of accident."

That it is a mistake to advocate accident prevention primarily on the strength of its economic values was recognized as early as 1919 by R. C. Richards, then president of the National Safety Council, who told the members of this organization:

> We should all remember that Safety First is not a question of dollars and cents; it is a question of saving human life, the most valuable thing in the world, which once gone can never be brought back; it is trying to save men from losing their arms and legs which never can be put back; it is trying to avert the making of widows and orphans, destitution and misery.

Every year two or three of the several hundred speakers at the National Safety Congress say the same thing, but the dollars-and-cents argument continues to dominate the technique of securing new members for safety associations or of inducing individual employers and whole communities to

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start some organized, intensive effort to prevent accidents.

Little wonder then that when the employer adds up the cost of a safety man, the cost of machine guards, and all the other incidentals of a safety campaign, and discovers that the total is greater than any possible saving which might result from a reduction in his insurance rates (reductions being granted to plants with low accident records) he is so often ready to wipe out his safety department and be content with insurance protection against accidents. Little wonder that scores of cities, after a few months of a "permanent safety campaign," let their safety organizations die when they find that the only immediate financial gain is a slight reduction in automobile accident-insurance rates, and that problematical. Even Westchester County (in which many of the suburbs of New York City are located), one of the richest residential areas in America, which has spent more than $100,000,000 for parkways in the last ten years, could not—or would not—support a safety campaign costing less than $25,000 a year for the thirty or forty towns and villages in the county. This, despite the fact that the first year of the campaign brought about a marked reduction in the number of persons killed or injured.

There can be no doubt that safety work, properly conducted, is not only economically sound, but highly profitable; that accident prevention in industry and in public places pays big dividends in dollars and cents; that it *is* cheaper to prevent accidents than to pay for them. All this is true; it has been shown over and over again. But it is high time that safety men and safety organizations added some new strings to their fiddles. It is time the safety movement took account of the moral responsibility for accident prevention, not only in speeches, but in actions. It is time safety men and safety organizations took some interest in legislation as a means of accident prevention. It is time they gave more attention to fundamental research (in which they have done almost nothing) and less attention to the production of safety calendars, safety posters, and safety slogans.

When the title Safety Engineer ceases to be something any employer feels free to bestow with a wave of the hand and becomes the symbol of four years of training in the fundamentals of engineering, education, psychology, advertising, and industrial management; when employers' legal responsibility for accident prevention extends beyond the installation of a few mechanical guards and the carrying of workmen's-compensation insurance; when the reckless motor-vehicle driver has more to fear than a few days in jail or a hundred dollars' fine for running down that gradually disappearing species of game known as the "pedestrian"; when the fight on accidents captures the imagination and the cooperation of the public as has the war on tuberculosis —when all this happens the safety movement will be well on the way to real success.

Meanwhile we shall go on killing and injuring men, women, and children by accidents in America twice as fast as our soldiers were killed or wounded in France during the World War. And if you want to know just how fast that is take a look at the clock. In the next hour 11 persons will be killed by accidents and 275 will be seriously injured; 3 will be killed in industry, 3 by motor vehicles, and 5 in or near their homes. Of those hurt some will be blinded; some will lose an arm, a leg, an eye, or a hand. And this goes on every hour, day and night, 365 days a year.

Who are these people who are going to be hurt or killed while you read this—and while the leading safety organization is busily engaged selling calendars? Carelessness, recklessness, thoughtlessness, and greediness are no respecters of persons. So you may find when you get home that one of the 11 or one of the 275 lived next door, or in your own house.

In the Driftway

THE decline of American bread can no longer be ignored. The Drifter would enlist the aid of all who love their country against that abomination known as the "sandwich loaf." A country cannot escape responsibility for its bread; in most cases, in fact, the bread of a country seems to partake significantly of the national character. The Italian loaf is squat and wide like the mother of ten Italian children. Because it is made of the whole flour it is fibrous and resistant to the teeth like a kernel of wheat fresh from the field. French bread, though a bit more refined, tastes as if it were made from flour. Spanish bread, the Drifter freely admits, he does not understand. Certainly he cannot join in the praises of Havelock Ellis and Ernest Hemingway, though there is no doubt that Spanish bread, with its almost impenetrable white crust and disappointing stale interior, has character. On the whole the Drifter has the feeling that it was originally good to eat but that most of it came out of the oven when Isabella's jewels spilled out of their casket into the adventurous hands of Columbus. It may be, however, that the mystery lies in some subtle Moorish influence that still haunts the ovens of Spain as it haunts the towers of Alhambra Hill. German bread is inclined toward weight and sourness but it is certainly worth while. As for Austria, the Drifter is hopelessly prejudiced in its favor because his only memory of Austrian bread is in conjunction with wild honey among the upper valleys of the Tyrol.

* * * * *

BUT what of America? America's loaf is four inches square and fifteen inches long, and beyond it are ranged a million other loaves exactly like the first in size, in weight, in utter tastelessness. The "whole-wheat" variety differs from the white in that it has been soaked apparently in dark brown medicine. It was not always so. The Drifter can remember when a loaf of fresh bread even in America was a thing to rouse cupidity. A faint smell of potato water foaming, not to say fermenting, with "east cake" hovers about even yet whenever the Drifter thinks of his mother's kitchen. Baking day was really Mother's Day then, and if the batch of bread turned out badly distress and shame pervaded the house until they were wiped out by a successful baking. Those were the good old days, too, of bread and milk. Today it is crackers and milk because the "sandwich loaf," put to the ordeal of milk, disintegrates into a spineless pulp fit only for the blue milk it is broken into.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has been told that the inferior quality of baker's bread is due to the fact that healthy flour will not keep. Flour from which all life has been "processed" stays dead, naturally, and keeps forever. It is not difficult to guess which flour the bakers use. Why the American

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public accepts the lifeless bread they get is much more mystifying. The Drifter says "accepts" because he is of the opinion that very little of it is eaten, since it is only faintly edible at best, namely, as toast—which explains the great and growing popularity of toast.

* * * * *

PERHAPS a little less prosperity—which we seem to be in for—will cause the nation to think more about its bread and less about its automobile, and the bread will become as good as the automobile. But the Drifter doubts it. Meanwhile he would clinch his case against American flour by one final bit of testimony. An acquaintance of his went away for a time leaving behind him two bins of flour, one containing whole-wheat flour, the other white. He returned to find that the enterprising whole-wheat flour had populated its bin with whatever it is that whole-wheat flour propagates. The white flour, on the other hand, had preserved its pristine purity and splendid isolation almost intact. Almost, not quite. Unfortunately a few bumptious whole-wheat offspring had crowded through a crack and fallen into the white flour. It was their corpses that marred the pure Antarctic expanse of the white-flour bin. They had died of starvation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Special Correspondent

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enjoyed very much the articles on the Associated Press. I have one observation to make based on the experience I had during the Havana conference. My impression there was that the Associated Press covered the conference more completely and fairly than did any special correspondent. The Associated Press had reporters with a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language who were not interested in exploiting any personal point of view.

On the other hand, I feel that the newspapers that had special correspondents at Havana gave a much more misleading picture of the conference than did papers using only the A. P. dispatches. These so-called "trained seals" were obliged to write something different from the A. P. dispatches. They did not have any more thorough knowledge of the problems of the conference. Many of them knew no Spanish. As a result they went off into blind leads and into a sensationalism of which the Associated Press and the United Press were not guilty.

New York, April 22 RAYMOND L. BUELL

Bayard on Protection

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To those so-called Democrats who have deserted the high principles and traditions of their party to vote for this worst of tariff bills at Washington, might we not commend the sentiments of an address made at Edinburgh thirty-five years ago by the American Ambassador to Great Britain, Thomas Francis Bayard, once a distinguished ornament of the United States Senate?

In that address Mr. Bayard referred to "the insatiable growth of that form of state socialism styled protection," to which—if I may summarize his language—he attributed these social and political evils: Protection fosters class legislation and creates inequality of fortune. It corrupts public life. It banishes men of independent mind and character from the public councils. It lowers the tone of national representation and blunts the public conscience. It creates false standards in the popular mind by familiarizing the people with state aid and guardianship in public affairs. It divorces ethics from politics and places politics upon the low level of a mercenary scramble.

The experience of the years that have passed since this great American Democrat gave utterance to these sentiments has served amply to demonstrate the truth of his indictment of a system that has prostituted the law-making power of our government for selfish and dishonest ends.

New York, April 19 CHARLES O'CONNOR HENNESSY

"Ridin' and Talkin'"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on bank failures in your issue of February 26 contains unfair criticism of country banks. Banking standards in country banks are as high as they are anywhere. Loans on good land have always been sound finance—until now.

The cause of agricultural depression is wholly outside of agriculture. The problem cannot be solved by tariff, or cooperation, or commissions. The cause is inflated values and inflated salaries. It cannot be true that a bricklayer can earn fourteen dollars a day when wheat is worth only ninety-five cents a bushel. It is simply not true.

A colored friend of mine has analyzed present conditions for me as well as any economist I know. He said: "All the money is spent for ridin' and talkin'." My colored friend is as wise as I am and fully as wise as you. Since the cause of economic distress is ridin' and talkin' then the solution would be less of it. Walk awhile.

Economic laws are as sound as they ever were. We simply have an economic problem now which has never confronted us before. And it will be solved when a bricklayer will work for what he can earn—and also the rest of you, or us.

Barry, Ill., April 1 R. H. MAIN

A Name for the New Planet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not long ago I noticed a news item to the effect that Italian astronomers have urged that the name Pluto be given to the new planet, which is about the size, in appearance, of a star of the fifteenth magnitude, and is a great deal farther from the sun than is Neptune. It occurred to me that it might be worth while to call attention to a number of reasons why the name Pluto would be very appropriate.

Jupiter, of course, being so very prominent an object in the heavens (it looks larger than any star of the first magnitude) and only half as far away as Saturn, which is not so large as Jupiter, was undoubtedly known to the ancients even before they knew Saturn. When they named Saturn, therefore, they seem to have given it that name because Saturn was the father of Jupiter, i.e., more remote.

When Uranus, which appears to be the size of a fifth-magnitude star, was accidentally discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1781, it was named by him Georgium Sidus, i.e., George's Star, in honor of his patron, George III of England. Others for a while called it Herschel, but later it came to be called by everyone Uranus, evidently because among the gods of the ancients Uranus was the father of Saturn.

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Among the gods of the ancients the name of the father of Uranus did not exist, either among the Latins or among the Greeks. Thus when Neptune, a star of the eighth magnitude (the sixth magnitude being the smallest-sized star that can be seen with the naked eye), was discovered, apparently the astronomers did the next best thing and gave to the new planet its name because Neptune, among the gods of the Romans, was the brother of Jupiter. Since Pluto, as well as Neptune, was a brother of Jupiter, it certainly would seem quite in order to adopt the Italian suggestion in naming the new planet.

There is another point to be made. If the name Pluto were adopted, it would doubtless be abbreviated to PL; and PL might also be taken to stand for Percival Lowell, the name of the man whose studies over many years resulted in the discovery of the new planet.

Minneapolis, April 15 EDWARD W. HAWLEY

New York Public Utilities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your cavalier treatment in your issue of May 7 of the utility measures passed by the New York State Legislature prompts this comment. Analysis of the hearings before the commission appointed to investigate the Public Service Commission laws shows that the administration or the authority of the Public Service Commission should be modified in three major directions, involving (1) the attitude and policies of the commission itself, (2) the control over holding companies, and (3) the handling of valuations and the rate of return.

1. Of these the first overtops all others in importance. If the New York commissioners had looked upon themselves as public defenders endowed with powers of initiation—as they were originally intended to be—rather than as judges on the bench, and if they had used the full measure of their legal authority, it is practically certain that there would have been no such criticism as broke forth in 1929. For instance, they have long had authority over certain relations between the most important holding companies and their affiliates but have practically never used it. They also have a very wide discretion in determining valuations for rate-making purposes, even under Supreme Court decisions, but they have not only failed to develop any policy on this matter but even fought shy of rate cases, depending rather on necessarily one-sided negotiations. Other evidence might be cited to prove that it is not so much the law as its administration that has been ineffective. The remedy for this state of affairs lies in the hands not of the legislature but of the executive who is vested with the appointing power. The legislature can bolster up administration by making appropriations for an increased staff. This was done to the amount of $215,000, thereby augmenting the staff by nearly sixty-four positions.

2. One of the outstanding reasons for the appointment of the investigating body was the power and rapid expansion of the holding companies, which, with the exception noted above, have been beyond the commission's control. The holding-company bill is by far the most drastic that has been passed in any State. The opposition of certain utility officials would indicate that it is far from innocuous. It may, indeed, prove to be too far-reaching to be workable. This is no "tinkering" legislation. In itself it justifies the special attention given to utility matters in the past session.

3. With regard to valuations for rate-making purposes anyone conversant with utility regulation will admit that present methods, as determined by the Supreme Court, are costly and cumbersome from every point of view and must sooner or later be thoroughly revamped. The Republican members of both the investigating commission and the legislature virtually subscribed to this by passing a bill on this subject. But they have been roundly condemned in certain quarters for not adopting the prudent-investment theory, as urged by a limited group of advocates. The evidence, as recorded in the hearings before the investigating commission, goes to show that there is no unanimity on this theory among liberal-minded commissioners, engineers, economists, and constitutional lawyers. Although every effort was made to discover competent witnesses favoring prudent investment there was almost no support for it in these hearings. To expect the commissioners to advocate a measure upon which experts cannot agree, for which there is no public demand, and against which the Supreme Court has frequently ruled is, to say the least, naive. To condemn and belittle any other constructive action that they may have taken because of their failure on this count is ungenerous and unfair.

A new method of valuation is of paramount importance, but let it not be thought that it will come about in any other way than through an educational campaign and a public demand that will make itself felt even within the precincts of the Supreme Court. If Governor Roosevelt puts his shoulder to this wheel he will be performing a signal public service.

Syracuse, N. Y., May 5 W. E. MOSHER

Wellsiana

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am writing an account of the life and activities, literary and other, of Mr. H. G. Wells. It will appear this year in America and Europe. In the effort to make it biographically accurate and detailed, I am basing it very largely upon original sources, and I want to appeal to those who can lend me for quotation or other use relevant reminiscences, impressions, or letters (or transcripts of letters), especially any referring to Mr. Wells's earlier years or to specific activities. Original letters (or transcripts to be returned) will be treated most carefully, handled only by myself, and returned without delay by registered post. Matter may be sent direct to me at Acacia, Dane Bridge Lane, Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, England, or in care of my publishers, W. W. Norton and Company, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mr. Wells of course knows of and has approved this appeal.

Much Hadham, England, April 15 GEOFFREY WEST

Contributors to This Issue

SHERWOOD ANDERSON is the author of "Hello Towns."

LOUIS RESNICK was formerly connected with the National Safety Council.

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

S. K. RATCLIFFE is on the staff of the *New Statesman*.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

JEROME DAVIS, Gilbert L. Stark Professor of Practical Philanthropy at the Yale Divinity School, has spent much time in Russia.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the editor of a forthcoming book, "The Critique of Humanism."

ROBERT MARSHALL is in the laboratory of plant physiology at Johns Hopkins University.

DAVID W. WAINHOUSE is assistant director of research of the Council on Foreign Relations.

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Books, Films, Drama

The Kneeling Nun

By EDA LOU WALTON

Upon the highest mountain when pale dawn
From its dove breast unfolds its luminous wings,
Her figure carved in granite kneels alone
Beseeching the vast heavens. Turned to stone
Before whatever Deity the gray
Waters of sunlight hide, here she must pray
Stone hands on stony breasts, in iron folds
Clad as a nun. She once betrayed
These vestments, once emboldened by desire
She tore the linen band from off her brow,
And bathed her brow in fire.
Now without rest and under whirling skies
She kneels forever praying in the snow
Until the rock which is her breast shall flow
Down the bright stream into the valley's dust
And her long penance done
She sinks to rest under the valley sun.

Love was her sin; she ran away
From bells that broke interminable hours
Over a walled-in garden. Till that day
She was obedient, but that day had broken
Too desperately on her heart; she fled
Hearing the bells still ring, hearing vows spoken.
She was a child who like a lily planted
Had like a lily grown; she had been taken
And laid upon an altar, heard iron gates
Clang in her heart, nor had she yet been shaken
From such wild vows as never touched the hem
Of the long garment she was fashioned in.
Year after year was ended before fear
Beaded her rosary, and she was hungry fed
Upon celestial bread. What scarlet cloak
Had wrapped her round, what strong untempered hands
Bared her bright bosom to the heated air,
She would remember down the centuries;
While those who judged her flowered in the dust,
She would remember. And was she so to blame
Who now is but a legend and a name
Of warning to frail maidens veiled in white?

There she will kneel till neither you nor I
Can fix her with a dimmed eye, and she will pray
Past the last prayer we utter in dismay;
And every sunset, she will rise and burn
Like a bright phoenix on the brow of night,
With arms spread wide like wings and stony eyes
Turned searchingly down
Toward the twinkling little town,
And lovers in the town will see her shine
A dark defiant figure, a strange sign
Against the heavens until the fire is out,
And night creeps down the valley, while the moon
Haloes a nun at prayer; and lovers soon
Turning toward their homes, will gather there
Around the supper tables; there struck blind
By the wide-branching candles, they will see
Their dim companions dimly, but their hands
Reached hungrily for bread, these clearly they will see,
And try to fill, and see them emptily
Reached out again, until like thirsty flowers
They fade within the light.

Artists in Exile

Portrait of the Artist as American. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford, Matthew Josephson has produced a study of the fate of the artist in America. The first two names occur inescapably, for without Mr. Brooks's pioneering volumes, particularly the biographies of Mark Twain and Henry James, and without Mr. Mumford's "Golden Day," Mr. Josephson's book, if it had been written at all, would surely have been less penetrating and satisfactory than it is. This debt, I think, Mr. Josephson would freely acknowledge, and its existence in no way reduces the high value of his work.

Though he surveys the whole history of the artist in America, Mr. Josephson's attention is focused particularly upon the writers of the second half of the nineteenth century, for it was then that blighted careers were most frequent and appalling. The early morning of New England letters had passed, thrust aside by the triumphant march of industrialism, land speculation, and expansion, but undone, also, according to Mr. Josephson, by its own limitations, its failure to provide a philosophy and a relevant program for the new age. The artists in the generations which followed the Civil War found no place to fit in; they felt themselves exiled: as Howells said, they were tolerated at best, rather than accepted. Hence their baffled lives—the obscure tragedy of Melville, passing half his existence in silence as a clerk in the customs office of New York; the wholesale flight of others to Europe and the far corners of the world. James Whistler dies in London, Lafcadio Hearn in Japan, Stephen Crane in Germany, early in life; Henry James seeks to obliterate his origin in his long London life; Henry Adams, in despair of all else, haunts the Gothic cathedrals of France; Emily Dickinson conceals her strange poems, and makes a nunnery of her paternal home and garden. Even the minor figures are driven out: the young American, Henry Harland, goes to London in the nineties to found *The Yellow Book;* Stuart Merrill discards his own language for the French, and becomes a symbolist poet; middling novelists like Harold Frederic and Marion Crawford vow never, never to return to their native land, from Italy or Chelsea or wherever.

More than to any other writer, almost as much as to all the others together, Mr. Josephson devotes his attention to Henry James, who best articulates the problem of the American artist and the expatriate, "who sleeps with it, walks with it over a long period of years, and answers it." And unlike Van Wyck Brooks, who concluded sternly from the career of James that the artist should not quit his native soil, Mr. Josephson holds that James's expatriation, from the standpoint of his literary development, was a "very successful adventure, despite whatever sum of personal suffering imposed." For if the destiny of the exile was not an easy one, the lot of the faithful, Mr. Josephson believes, was "infinitely harder," and he seeks to prove this as he reviews the careers of those who stayed at

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home. Walt Whitman himself was finally betrayed into hailing with joy even the business materialism of his age. Mark Twain, "the most nearly perfect original and model of the local spirit," despised all genuine art and culture, made a "buffoon's tour" of Europe, and learned to write almost solely for commercial rewards. Howells, with all his talent, became constantly more timid, finally rationalizing his genteel novels with the conclusion that "the more smiling aspects of life are the more American." Ambrose Bierce, stimulated by his five years in London, returned only to enter a tormented struggle for equilibrium; he soon deserted all serious literary effort, scattered his energies and talents in eternal petty polemics, and died in bitterness. As for the pallid Thomas Aldriches, Bayard Taylors, and Margaret Delands, they are "mercifully forgotten."

What is the lesson of all these careers for our own day? Here I find Mr. Josephson vague, and I am not at all sure that I understand his position. For the implicit moral of his melancholy biographies, as well as of some of his explicit commentary, would seem to be that salvation for the American artist has been in a retreat to foreign climes. And this retreat has been necessary, it appears, chiefly because of two things—industrialism, the universal pursuit of material prosperity, and democracy. ("The whole question whether the arts, in their historical character, can survive in democratic societies," says Mr. Josephson, "must be thrown open.") Now as democracy is still as rampant as ever, and as, nationally, we still pursue material prosperity with the same relentlessness, while industrialism becomes even more dominant, the logical conclusion for Mr. Josephson would seem to be that the only hope for the American artist is still in flight. But Mr. Josephson does not draw this conclusion. Europe, he believes, is so rapidly becoming "Americanized" that the retreat is blocked; meanwhile the T. S. Eliots and Ezra Pounds, with their "hermetical obscurity," their "unsocial, personal patterns of flight," are practicing an art that bears the seeds of extinction within itself. What is left? Well, somehow Mr. Josephson hopes that out of our time will come "a kind of moral revolution," and "a growth of humanism, with its system of discipline, proportions, intellectual perfection."

I do not find myself in agreement with all Mr. Josephson's portraits and judgments. His personal taste, I suspect, inclines him to the precious rather than to the robust writer, and his estimates are not unaffected by his thesis. He uses William James as a mere foil for Henry James, and his portrait of Mark Twain is one-sided. But he has given us an arresting history of the American artist, admirably written, full of penetrating criticism; a series of brilliant and absorbing biographical sketches.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Gandhist Creed

Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas. By C. F. Andrews. The Macmillan Company. $3.

C. F. ANDREWS is widely known as Gandhi's closest European friend. Indeed, it would be true to say that he is the only native of the West who has been admitted to complete intimacy with the Mahatma. In writing, or rather compiling, this book he has performed a necessary task, for it is obvious that someone had to bring together in small compass the religious and ethical beliefs of the most extraordinary Indian of his age. There prevails throughout North America—as the present reviewer should know perhaps as well as anyone—a great eagerness to learn about the Mahatma's personality and the faith that has inspired him during the campaign of the past ten years. Americans in the main, as I judge, want to know, first, what it is in the way of essential belief that Gandhi stands for, and secondly, whether that belief has any importance for the modern man and woman in the West. Mr. Andrews, in this simple and candid volume, provides them with all that is needed for an estimate of Gandhi as prophet and devotee; and more than that, he tells, in episodes, the story of the two great movements—passive resistance in South Africa and non-cooperation in India.

The reader will not complain that the English interpreter has sought to temper the Mahatma's doctrinal extremism. Let us take two or three examples. That which distinguishes Hinduism from all other religions, says Gandhi, is the adoration of the cow: "Cow protection is the gift of Hinduism to the world, and Hinduism will live so long as there are Hindus to protect the cow." But he is obliged to add that cow protection "has degenerated into a perpetual feud with the Mussulmans" and to make this damaging confession, "I do not know that the condition of the cattle in any other part of the world is so bad as in unhappy India." "A religion that establishes the worship of the cow," he says further, "cannot possibly countenance or warrant a cruel and inhuman boycott of human beings"; and yet the Mahatma has to recognize that in denouncing, as he does, the oppression of the outcastes by the caste Hindus, the "indelible stain" of Untouchability, he has against him the great majority of his orthodox coreligionists. He accepts the main lines of the Hindu caste system, and will not admit that there is any validity in the reformer's wish to abolish the ban upon eating in common: "If mankind had not, much to its hurt, made of eating a fetish and indulgence we should have performed the operation of eating in private, even as one performs the other necessary functions of life in private." Not for him, that is to say, any of the beauty and fellowship which, in every age and every land, humanity has honored in the meal eaten together in affection and good humor. As for the economic doctrine upon which Gandhi has striven to base a self-sufficing India: *Swadeshi* means "the use and service of our immediate surroundings to the exclusion of the more remote." Not only, therefore, he contends, is foreign commerce to be avoided; you are doing wrong when you trade even with your own folk if they happen to live at a distance, except under the drive of utter necessity. The Mahatma, in other words, is a pure anarchist, an immitigable enemy of society. As such he is impelled to touch the limit of nihilism when it comes to the sex relation. The root evil, he insists, is that men and women "continue to enjoy one another." But without that, human life would cease? It would, the Mahatma concedes, yet only on this earthly plane!

Now the grave fact of the present terrible situation in India is not that the Indian people, so far as they are socially conscious, have not accepted the Mahatma's domestic and economic theories. That, manifestly, they could never do. It is that, under the lead of politicians and modernist intellectuals, they have rejected the central doctrine of their Mahatma—Ahimsa, non-violence. In his letter to the Viceroy of last January—historic because announcing his decision to enter upon a decisive form of civil disobedience—Gandhi stated that he had been forced into action because, if he refrained, Young India would plunge into violence. He was, of course, right. The march to the sea, followed by the ritual act of defiance, was a final desperate move, designed to test the possibility of nonviolent revolution in a country torn with religious and racial enmities. It was foredoomed. The control of the nationalist movement had passed out of the hands of the one Indian leader who might conceivably have built a tentative bridge of peace. The vast convulsion with which British authority is grappling in this summer of 1930 has nothing whatever to do with Mahatma Gandhi's ideas. That is why Mr. Andrews's exposition bears the look of a visionary gospel, already far away.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

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Non-Euclidean Criticism

Poetry and Mathematics. By Scott Buchanan. The John Day Company. $2.50.

ANY intelligent layman who, delving into the lives of such typical mathematicians as Poincaré or Karl Pearson, tries to understand not the results of their researches but the paths along which their minds naturally move, will discover that high mathematical ability is aesthetic in its nature. A new mathematical structure is only in an inferior sense the outcome of "logic"; it is really what happens when a mathematician perceives a new form, a new style possible in the manipulations of his symbols. The least important part of his activity is that devoted to "proof." The high-school student is led astray by the ordinary teacher's sentimental insistence on the "ironclad logic" of algebra and geometry. He assumes that mathematics is an uninspired system of rigid demonstrations summed up in a set of stony-eyed formulae. Actually, in its less elementary realms, as in projective geometry and the theory of functions, rigidity disappears and the structures become a flexible network of shifting relationships. These relationships are not inexorable; they are susceptible (within certain limits) to selection and manipulation under the hand of the individual mathematician. In this sense mathematics is more an art than a science.

What Mr. Buchanan in his completely brilliant essay does is to take this truism and make it yield something in the way of illuminating the nature of the poetic faculty. As I understand it, he bases his argument upon what might be termed two axioms: (a) "Illustration of mathematics by concrete event, fact, or object is never as effective as illustration by equally abstract analogous ideas" (in this case ideas about imaginative literature); and (b) "Poetry and mathematics are two very successful attempts to deal with ideas. Both employ sets of symbols and systems of notation." Neither literature nor mathematics is "true"; they are both symbolic; and their symbols can be made to render up useful comparisons and correspondences. It is impossible here to summarize the ingenious trains of thought by which Mr. Buchanan's analogies are established. Perhaps the most interesting parallels are to be found in his comparison of the development of the action of a novel or play with the process of transformation underlying projective geometry; of ordinal and cardinal numbers with mediate characterization ("Tom Jones") and immediate characterization ("The Idiot"); of Cartesian geometry with allegory; and, most fundamental of all, of words with functions, a comparison that yields a series of beautiful insights into the nature of style.

More interesting, however, than what this book establishes is what it indicates as to the temper of its creator. Both "Poetry and Mathematics" and Mr. Buchanan's earlier, more purely dialectical work "Possibility" are the productions of a mind whose like is very infrequently found among American writers. I express myself inadequately in saying that it is a mind which can play without being frivolous. The great exemplar of this type of mentality is, of course, Plato; and there are in this book many paragraphs which, in their deep irony, may justly be called Platonic. At times Mr. Buchanan's intellectual flexibility leads him into whimsy, into analogies which are far-fetched even though delightful; but his very flights of fancy have an undertone of quiet amusement with himself which is wholly captivating. But more often behind them lie witty truths, as when he tells us that "in the 'Republic' Plato is exposing the Pythagorean secrets of the Delphic Oracle, which is the Greek analogue of our modern research foundations."

This little book is one of the tentative first fruits of a distinguished mind; it already bears the mark of a distinguished prose stylist. From its investigations both poets and mathematicians have much to learn, but it will be most interesting, perhaps, to the literary critic. It is no overstatement to say that it will open up to him, in Mr. Buchanan's phrase, a new dimension in literature.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Trotzky's Side of It

My Life. By Leon Trotzky. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

THERE are few more dramatic records in history than that of Leon Trotzky. His story is far more fascinating than a detective-mystery plot and it has the added merit of being true. He began life in a peasant's mud hut; he leads us through prisons, exiles, escapes—all the drama of revolutionary struggle. The fight for power is brilliantly described. Then follow the peace negotiations, the fight against world military forces, with the climax of Lenin's death, growing opposition within the Communist Party, exile and deportation.

Naturally, Trotzky weaves into the picture a defense of his own position. In it all one can clearly see Lenin's estimate of his one outstanding defect—"an excess of self-confidence." For Trotzky is an able man who does not minimize his own merits in the slightest. He says about his fellow-revolutionists within Russia in 1905: "There was not one from whom I could learn anything. On the contrary, I had to assume the position of teacher myself."

It is easy to see other reasons why Trotzky made enemies. As he says, he was so intent on achievement amid counter-revolution and civil war that he could not take time for tact, nor could he avoid stepping on others' toes. At first his name was always ranked next to Lenin's. It was inevitable that older Bolshevik war horses with a cleaner party record should be jealous of his world prestige. Then too he claims to have shared the dictatorship with Lenin, for whenever these two agreed no one dared differ.

In spite of the bitter hostility against Stalin which breathes through the book the picture is not entirely unfavorable to the present dictator. Trotzky says that in 1917 Stalin flashed before him "as a barely perceptible shadow." In the heat of the fight he easily forgot his existence. At one time he even obtained Stalin's recall from Tsaritsyn, where the latter was commander. One clearly sees the difficulty Lenin had in keeping these two leaders from pulling in opposite directions. For a time he succeeded, but after his death a split was inevitable. When one considers the struggle between Roosevelt and Taft, lifelong friends, it is hardly to be wondered at that two such powerful leaders as Stalin and Trotzky, with totally opposite dispositions, should fight. Trotzky maintains that Stalin was constantly intriguing against him. This may be true, but the fact remains that at the time of Lenin's death Trotzky had very few close friends among the inner Communist group. This surely could not be solely owing to Stalin.

Trotzky can hardly be said to be dispassionate in all he writes. For instance, he describes America as "not only the strongest but also the most terrified country. Hoover recently explained his passion for fishing by pointing out the democratic nature of this pastime. If this be so, although I doubt it, it is the only evidence of one of the few survivals of democracy existing in the United States." Possibly his comments on Russian affairs also are colored. At any rate he nowhere adequately explains why he should have been so completely isolated after Lenin's death. To be sure, he says that it was not due to Stalin alone but that he was seriously ill during the campaign of 1923. This was the result of an accident. Indeed,

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Trotzky maintains that the historical process is usually a refraction of historic law through the accidental. The accident here occurred because Trotzky used to go out hunting while Lenin was lying ill and while Stalin was pulling political wires. On one of these trips he contracted influenza and recurrent fever. His excuse for hunting is that it afforded relaxation, but one suspects that it also provided excitement after the civil war had ended.

Had Trotzky been able to work with men as effectively as Lenin, had he not gone off on wild tangents antagonizing others, perhaps had he not spent so much time hunting, he might have remained in power. He was easily the most brilliant orator of the Russian Revolution. He was an able administrator but an extremely bad politician. Trotzky was the type of general who is desperately needed in a period of revolution but who ought to be superseded in a more stable period. In the light of his own story it would have been difficult for the Communists to have made Trotzky the outstanding leader of the Communist Party following Lenin's death. Stalin, just because he did not have such outstanding individuality and originality, made the better leader. There is surprisingly little evidence against Stalin. He may have been disloyal to Trotzky, he may have been grossly unfair in his campaign attacks, but there is no evidence presented of treason to the fundamental ideals of communism. Indeed, some of the actions which Trotzky complains of in Stalin have much to commend themselves. In opposition to Trotzky, he tried to work with the committee of the British Labor Party. Stalin believes it is possible to make a demonstration of socialism in Russia alone. Trotzky denies this.

Trotzky's life shows once again the many personal factors which play a part in revolution. To some degree it disproves the case for economic materialism. Psychology, individual differences, even psychopathic attitudes play a vital part in success or failure. Communists have an economic theory, but at heart they are men and women molded by social forces as well as economic. They all desire power and love prestige. These forces are powerful in affecting the course of history.

It is perhaps fortunate for history that Trotzky was deported. Otherwise no such honest record of revolutionary attitude could ever have been written. Trotzky would not have had the time, nor would the party have permitted it. The flashes describing various Bolshevik leaders and inner party history will be invaluable in piecing together the mosaic of the actualities of the Russian Revolution. No student of contemporary history will want to miss the fascinating and true romance that this life of Trotzky relates.

JEROME DAVIS

Stendhal

Stendhal: The Life of an Egoist. By Rudolph Kayser. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

KAYSER'S book has all the defects of its genre. It is that pernicious thing, a fictionized biography. But it triumphs in a sense because it portrays vividly a man of immense importance, a man to whom one can turn today and learn a great deal. Henri Beyle was what Hugh Fausset would call a complete romantic. He suffered from few of the defects of the type, and it would be difficult for Professor Babbitt to put him out of court. Though he reverenced Rousseau he was not a complete Rousseauist. Indeed, he was the antithesis of Rousseau on fundamental questions. Above all he differed from Rousseau in emphasizing the intellect.

Stendhal was one of the great intellectual novelists, a man of ideas who functioned best in the novel. His great creations, "The Red and the Black" and "The Charterhouse of Parma," are of small interest to those who demand of fiction lush emotionalism. But to those of us who take pleasure in a spare and thrilling story grounded in ideas, they are precious. We do not reproach Stendhal for rejecting "spurious methods" of gaining the approval of the reader.

He was the novelist of "spiritual energy," says Kayser truly, a man to whom the idea was but a prelude to action. He thought in terms of the individual and he thought psychologically. Singularity and intelligence seemed to him the hallmarks of the complete man. But his perception, while true, was not one that the immediate future was to indorse.

For between Stendhal and ourselves there lies the age of the triumphant bourgeois to whom money was the supreme value. His acute intelligence foresaw this society, but condemned it and placed his popularity on the farther side of it. Now that we are emerging from the bourgeois period—into what?—we turn to Stendhal once more for illumination. It is there for all who wish to find it. What we need, however, is not books like Kayser's but critical studies which shall clearly indicate the nature of Stendhal and of his ideas.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

The Death of Harding

The Strange Death of President Harding. From the Diaries of Gaston B. Means as told to May Dixon Thacher. New York: Guild Publishing Corporation. $3.50.

THIS is the third book to deal with the bad side of President Harding's Administration and his personal weaknesses. It is so highly sensational that, if the press is correct, it has already been submitted to a grand jury in the District of Columbia. Were there libel laws to protect the dead in this country as abroad, Mr. Means would have risked more than he did in publishing it. His book has had, and is having, we hear, a tremendous sale despite the fact that there are three prima facie reasons for discrediting it: first, that Mr. Means served a term in Atlanta penitentiary for violations of the prohibition laws; second, that he lays this conviction to the Harding "Ohio gang" for whom he worked; and third, that in this very volume he admits his complicity in all sorts of wrongdoing, boasting, for instance, that no less than $7,000,000 of prohibition graft passed through his hands—and more, as a result of the blackmailing of corporations or the sale of government favors—and that he lived far beyond his government salary at other people's expense.

Naturally these facts call for an attitude of extreme caution toward this book. If it is to be believed, then President Harding was helped to his death much as was Socrates, and so were Jess Smith, General Sawyer, and still others—it is a fact that no less than eight of the Harding crowd died suddenly or committed suicide. General Sawyer was one of these, and as Means shows by a citation from the New York *Times*, his death was entirely unexpected and "almost identical with the manner of death of the late Warren G. Harding." All these deaths, and Mrs. Harding's, make it difficult to get at the truth; the dead are not here to refute Means. And the extreme cleverness with which the book is put together, its skill in insinuation rather than in open charges, makes the task of refutation the more difficult.

What then should be one's attitude toward this book which, if it is true, paints a picture to make every American hang his head with shame? The disposition of most people would be to ignore it. What, they ask, is the use of stirring up anew these nasty scandals? What good will it do to prove that they are true? They will only besmirch the country still

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more. To my mind there should be an inquiry. There are a number of points in Mr. Means's book whose accuracy can be easily tested. There are still Harry Daugherty and his brother to throw light upon the situation. After all, there is such a thing as establishing the historical truth; if we do not do it now the scandal will spread day by day, and it will be the cause of speculation and misrepresentation in the years to come.

Finally, there is the question of Harding himself. If there is anything that can be done to improve the reputation of this President of the United States is it not owing to him? I confess to surprise that men like Charles E. Hughes and Herbert Hoover, who sat in his Cabinet and have never yet criticized anything that happened in the Harding Administration, have not undertaken something themselves. Is there too much dynamite in the situation? They were of those who contributed, we presume, to the $800,000 memorial to Harding to be erected over his body in Marion. If this enterprise is to be put through as originally planned it would seem as if the least that could be done would be an investigation of the charges that have been made. Until something like this happens Mr. Means and his book will hold the field; he will profit by its phenomenal and unchecked sale; and the volume will spread throughout the country the belief that his allegations are in the main correct.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Nation's Trees

Forestry. By Arthur Bernard Recknagel and Samuel Newton Spring. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

AT the last national meeting of the Society of American Foresters the senior author of this book declared that he had "complete confidence in the ability of the American business man to solve any problem whatsoever." For people who indorse this somewhat sweeping panegyric, "Forestry" will prove excellent reading: "The forest industry of America is becoming conscious of its obligations. . . . It is fitting that American business, in accord with its recognized genius, should take the lead in matters of public welfare. . . . The genius of the American business man is addressing itself to the great problem of timber growing and there is visible the dawning of a new era." It seems a shame to carp about mere facts in the face of such poetry, but unfortunately there are a few profane skeptics who will inquire whether there is any reasonable proof that the new era will better promote the public welfare than has the present era under the guidance of the same American business men. They will observe what has happened in the private exploitation of coal, oil, and water power. Especially they will cite the authors' own figures, which are quite questionably high, that on only 10 per cent of the private timberland is even a faint trace of forestry visible today. They may, for such reasons, find it difficult to share the authors' faith that the omnipotent genius of the American business men will solve the nation's forest problem.

Nevertheless, there are parts of the book which can be adjudged excellent even in the face of a critical analysis. For example, the chapter which tells of the development of forestry in the United States is the best brief account of this history which I have yet seen. The sections covering forestry research, the application of forestry, and the role of forestry as an essential of social welfare should prove decidedly instructive. There seems no reason why any person who reads this book should ever again fall into those prevalent misconceptions of the layman that forestry and planting are synonymous, and that forestry means locking up of timber resources. With the qualifications mentioned the book as a popular treatise is to be commended.

ROBERT MARSHALL

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Films

American Natives and Nature

AFTER innumerable travel pictures in which the less familiar parts of the world are presented in the manner of a snapshot album, with the tourist or the big-game hunter conspicuously in the fore, one turns with pleasure to a picture like "The Silent Enemy" (Criterion) from which one does learn something about the life of a primitive tribe with the joys and sorrows—particularly sorrows—that are attendant on it. Of course, the genre derives from Flaherty's "Moana"—still unsurpassed for subtle observation and photographic beauty—and his also very interesting "Nanook." The next important contribution, a few years later, was made by Cooper and Schoedsack with their "Grass" and "Chang." It is from "Grass" that "The Silent Enemy," like the recently shown British picture "Stampede," derives more directly, all three pictures illustrating the same idea and differing from one another no more than is required by the differing peculiarities of the tribes they describe and the territories in which the episodes take place. In "Grass" we were given a vivid picture of a Persian tribe crossing a formidable mountain ridge in search of new pasture lands; "Stampede" described a search for new hunting grounds by a Sudanese tribe; and now "The Silent Enemy," with still greater vividness, tells us of the search for fresh hunting grounds by the Ojibway Indians in the Great Lakes district of Canada. After suffering the great hardships of a long trek through snow-covered wilds, the Indian tribe arrives in time to intercept the migrating herds of caribou. We are shown the overwhelming spectacle of the stampede of the animals—a photographic feat that seems to surpass everything of the kind the writer has seen on the screen, even if one assumes that much of the action was "staged." H. P. Carver, who directed the picture, and his assistants deserve every credit for the skill shown in the shooting of this scene as well as of many other marvelously observed incidents in the life of wild animals. Great praise is also due the natives for their "acting," which is extraordinarily expressive while remaining perfectly unforced and natural. On the debit side, however, one must note the conventional treatment of the plot, with heroism, villainy, "love interest" injected in approved fairy-tale fashion.

The German silent picture "Asphalt" (Fifty-fifth Street Cinema) is an example of smooth and intelligent competence in acting and direction. It probes no great depths in its story and betrays but occasional touches of originality in its treatment.

In the field of the talking picture, and of the screen revue in particular, "King of Jazz" (Roxy), directed by John Murray Anderson, marks another step of progress. Following "Paramount on Parade," which rose above the customary ineptitudes of Hollywood in the matter of sketches, "King of Jazz" rises above other revues in discarding the stage setting and making a fuller use of the methods of the silent picture, with a stress on the spectacular that is somewhat reminiscent of "Intolerance." We must now wait for the next step—a revue making cinematic use of speech and music as well as of visual images.

The principal thing to be said of "Song of the Flame" (Warner's) is that for sheer idiocy of story it doubtless carries off the palm. The travesty of the Russian Revolution, though heavily weighted with slander, is too mirth-provoking in its operatic absurdities to be taken seriously. The composers must be congratulated, however, on the idea of making Russian mujiks and a prince express their rejoicing in the "Oi, oi, oi" melodies of "Dybbuk."

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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Drama

Ibsen's Prentice Hand

"THE Vikings," now rather elaborately produced at the New Yorker Theater, is Ibsen's familiar romantic tragedy "The Warriors of Helgeland." It had to wait four years after it was written before it was seen on any stage, and it has never before been given by a professional company in New York, but it reveals itself now as a drama of considerable intrinsic merit and of very great psychological interest in connection with the development of Ibsen's genius. One needs to know that it was completed some twenty years before the first of the plays in its author's mature manner, but when one bears that fact in mind it becomes a fascinating document for the study of the efforts of a genius to find himself.

If the immature works of a great man generally miss the success achieved by the prentice hands of lesser talents, the fact is neither hard to understand nor entirely attributable to the stupidity of the public, for groping genius can neither find a form appropriate to itself nor rest content with an imitation of one which others have brought to perfection. It must begin with the style and the materials of its predecessors, but it can do nothing except mar them. The thoughts, the moods, and the motifs which are to become characteristically its own seem merely inappropriate in the company of others which belong to a different tradition, and one is aware chiefly of a kind of disharmony. Mixture of styles, that worst of all artistic sins, is almost inevitable in the work of the young genius, and it is only after he has detached himself from all that is not part of him that we can perceive why he seemed at first so much less promising than others who had no intentions of their own capable of spoiling the successful self-consistency of an imitation.

"The Vikings" is said to have displeased Ibsen's contemporaries because it went back to the sagas for its material instead of imitating the conventions of romantic tragedy, and that may very well be, but the thing which strikes a modern auditor is the fact that these Norsemen are also forerunners of the troubled heroes of the problem play, and that they seem at times almost ludicrously like Tesmans and Lövborgs masquerading in fancy dress. It was not until some thirty-three years later that Ibsen was to write "Hedda Gabler," but the heroine of this early play is merely Hedda in blond braids and a winged hat, for she is not only a woman who loves destruction, but one whose evil nature is explainable in the terms of Hedda's psychology—the psychology of a creature hating all potency because she herself is impotent. Ibsen could not yet see that no mere modification of tradition was sufficient to furnish a vehicle for the profoundly original things he had to say, and Ibsen's contemporaries could hardly be expected to perceive that this odd sort of romance was the forerunner of something entirely new.

"The Vikings" is produced with the aid of some interesting lighting effects supplied by the clavilux, and acted by a conscientious company not entirely at home in the poetic language of the piece. It has one very powerful act—the second—but it trails off to a conventional and rather meaningless conclusion. Doubtless it would never have been revived were it not for the fame of its author's later works, and interesting as it is in certain respects it can hardly hope to achieve any considerable popular success. Rightly or wrongly the public, when it goes to the theater, likes nothing less than a museum piece.

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The Joker in the Naval Treaty

By DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

IF the main object of the London conference was to do away with competition and bring about limitation in naval armaments, the conference must be recorded as a marked failure. It is true that the three signatories to the treaty have agreed to limit their fleets to specified tonnages, but the joker, or what is euphemistically termed the "saving clause" in the treaty, carries with it the not unlikely possibility that competition, Anglo-French this time, will soon be with us again, and that limitation of navies will soon become Dead Sea apples. The crux of the London treaty lies in Article XXI, which is worth giving in extenso:

> If during the term of the present treaty the requirements of the national security of any high contracting party in respect to vessels of war limited by Part 3 of the present treaty are, in the opinion of that party, materially affected by new construction of any Power other than those who have joined Part 3 of this treaty, that high contracting party will notify the other parties to Part 3 as to the increase required to be made in its tonnages within one or more of the categories of such vessels of war, specifying particularly the proposed increase and the reasons therefor, and shall be entitled to make such increase. Thereupon the other parties to Part 3 of this treaty shall be entitled to make a proportionate increase in the category or categories specified; and the said other parties shall promptly advise with each other through diplomatic channels as to the situation thus presented.

Stripped of its technical language this article means that if England's two-Power standard in Europe is threatened by French and Italian naval building, England will give due notice to the United States and Japan "as to the increase required to be made in its own tonnage," and, like falling dominoes, the United States and Japan shall be entitled to make proportionate increases in order to maintain the ratios of their respective naval strengths.

Great Britain must have her two-Power-standard dogma in Europe; the United States must have her parity with Great Britain; and Japan is determined on 70 per cent cruiser strength. The article is so worded that if Great Britain adds to her naval armaments "the others (i.e., the United States and Japan) may then make proportionate increases," to use Senator Robinson's words. Thus American parity vis-a-vis Great Britain is to be of the escalator variety, on which Japan is given a place.

Set against these dogmas there is the Italian demand for parity with France, and the insistence of France that her navy must be at least 240,000 tons stronger than the Italian. A Fascist Italy could not afford to bring back from London in 1930 less than what the pre-Fascist Government brought back from Washington in 1922. In 1922 Italy was given equality in capital ships with France; at London Italy held out for paper equality with France in the lighter categories. France remained intransigent. After the American and British delegations had exhausted themselves for many weeks preaching to the French and Italians, it dawned on them that no progress could be made until Great Britain had settled with France and Italy the basic political problems which were threatening to ruin the conference. Fearing that complete failure would make them the laughing-stock of the world, the three greatest naval Powers signed a three-Power treaty, and this notwithstanding the declaration from Washington of the Acting Secretary of State that there would be a five-Power treaty or none at all.

A three-Power treaty with a categorical limitation on the British fleet would have been unbearable to the British Admiralty because it demands a fleet equal to the combined fleets of France and Italy. To allay British fears Mr. Stimson suggested that a provision similar to that of Article XXI of the Washington treaty be inserted:

> If during the term of the present treaty the requirements of national security of any contracting Power in respect of naval defense are, in the opinion of that Power, materially affected by any change of circumstances, the contracting Powers will, at the request of such Power, *meet in conference* with a view to the reconsideration of the provisions of the treaty and its amendment by mutual agreements [italics mine].

Great Britain refused to subscribe to an article which would merely give her a right to call a conference with no assurance that the conference would conclude in her favor. What Great Britain wanted was the expressed right to build without consultation beforehand should such a course appear advisable to her. And this is what she got by incorporating her own Article XXI in the London treaty. To have denied Great Britain the desired safeguard would have been tantamount to a request that she forget the French navy altogether.

If there ever was a time when the British could ill afford to forget the French navy, that time is now. Prior to the World War France's naval strategy demanded a concentration of her entire fleet in the Mediterranean. "The French fleet," said Sir Edward Grey on August 3, 1914, when he was putting before the House of Commons the arguments for and against the declaration of war on Germany, "is now in the Mediterranean, and the northern and western coasts of France are absolutely undefended." Twelve years after the destruction of the German fleet we find France planning for the defense of her northern and western coasts. The fact that France is clamoring for a security she never sought when the German navy was less than two days' steaming from her Channel ports is a matter of great anxiety to the British Admiralty. French strategy shows a singular, and to the British Admiralty a sinful, forgetfulness of history.

What chance is there that Great Britain will invoke Article XXI? The answer to this question obviously lies in the building programs of France and Italy and Great Britain's success or failure in solving the outstanding political differences which have prevented the two Latin Powers from coming into a five-Power treaty.

Italy's demand for parity is wholly *une affaire de prestige,* asserted at London for home consumption. If by parity

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we mean reasonable equality of power it is clear that France will not grant it, for that would drag France down once and for all to the naval rank of Italy. Parity has become a national thesis with the Italians, and surrender of it would be a humiliation which the Duce can ill afford at the present time. The Italian position is that she doesn't need and doesn't want and can ill afford any big naval expenditure. But she doesn't want to be bound by a treaty to accept and maintain in the future naval inferiority. The oft-repeated demand for parity makes it politically impossible for the Italians to agree to anything less. French unwillingness to concede parity is not unlikely to lash Italy into the building of a fleet which she never intended to build. Therefore the hope of solving the Franco-Italian problem of parity in a "prestige-Power" world is not bright.

So far as France is concerned her thesis for security, so clearly outlined in the memorandum of December 20, 1929, and stoutly maintained at London, remains a possible ground on which she and Great Britain can agree. A Mediterranean Locarno or a tightening of Article XVI of the Covenant has been suggested by France as a *quid pro quo* for reduction. For some ten weeks the discussions at London revolved about the French thesis of security. Mr. MacDonald's hands were tied with the pledges he had given Parliament that Great Britain would not enter into any commitments beyond those contained in Article XVI of the Covenant. The Foreign Office, on the other hand, was willing to go so far as to agree that the recommendations of the Council for the use of military and naval sanctions under Article XVI would be carried out by the British. In return for the extension of British commitments the Foreign Office expected a considerable reduction in the French fleet. Just how much of a reduction the French would be willing to make was not discussed because Mr. MacDonald's continued public utterances that he could not entangle Great Britain frustrated the political discussions which Mr. Henderson was carrying on with the French. The difference of opinion between the Foreign Office and Mr. MacDonald on the matter of sanctions must be borne in mind when the Anglo-French-Italian conversations get under way. If Mr. MacDonald isn't won over to the Foreign Office point of view, and it's not likely that he will be, the whole problem of naval disarmament, so far as France and Italy are concerned, will remain where the London conference left it. France will continue with her program set out in the Naval Statute of 1924; Italy will attempt to turn paper parity into steel parity.

At the present time France has a navy of 681,808 tons. The Naval Statute calls for a navy of some 804,000 tons by 1942. Building at the rate of 40,000 tons a year, France will have about 724,000 tons by 1936. "Out of these 240,000 tons 43,200 would represent complementary building and 196,800 tons of replacement," states the French memorandum of February 13, 1930. This will give France practically a new and an entirely post-war fleet. Vis-a-vis England, France will have an 85 per cent fleet, with an enormously superior submarine force.

The present Italian navy is about 370,000 tons, built and building. The New York *Times* correspondent reported on April 30 that the Italian government has decided to lay down in 1930 warships totaling 42,900 tons. This about equals the French construction program for the same year.

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A week before this decision, the same correspondent reported the launching of five new units totaling more than 30,000 tons. These activities are bound to have repercussions in London and Paris, particularly in Paris.

The threat to the British two-Power standard is thus well begun. A cool-headed British Admiralty will not wait until 1936 before answering the challenge of the two Latin Powers. Should France and Italy continue this pace for two years, their total tonnages will outweigh the British. Then we shall see Article XXI come into play. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Alexander have all given notice that the figures arrived at in London are subject to revision upward if the two-Power standard is threatened by the "European Powers represented at the London conference," meaning, of course, France and Italy.

Ceteris paribus, the signatories to the three-Power treaty will jump on the escalator at the same time in an effort to maintain the relation of the fleets. Article XXI entitles them to the ride, and the "billion-dollar" American parity with Great Britain may yet prove to be too low a figure. Naval opinion has it that the United States must face an eventual increase over and above what the London treaty allows it of not less than 40,000 tons of cruisers and 60,000 tons of destroyers before the treaty expires in 1936, in order to match a similar British increase provoked by French and Italian building.

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